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Events of the Week.

THE National Loan appears to have been a substantial, even a great success, and we hear of figures which suggest the collection of fresh money approaching a thousand millions. This may be an exaggeration, but the first estimate was of five hundred millions, and there can be no doubt that this has been greatly exceeded. It was not, in our view, necessary to treat subscription as an act of sacrifice, comparable with the terrible and sublime effort of the soldiers, when, in fact, it was an excellent investment, or to call it a Victory Loan, when those who used this term know well that the Loan could not possibly carry us through the war. But allowing for some inflation, the figures show that the country still possesses reserves, and that its desire for an honorable and successful end to the war is only quickened by German barbarism. Behind this feeling lies, we believe, an essential moderation of view as to the settlement. We believe this sentiment to be the prevailing one among thoughtful men of all classes, and to be conspicuous both in the Army and with the mass of the workmen.

THERE has been little movement during the week in the German-American crisis. Though it was not true that Mr. Gerard was held as a "hostage" in Berlin for Count Bernstorff, his departure was delayed by some obscure and graceless manœuvre of the military party. The chief event is the news that Germany has attempted through Swiss mediation to resume conversations, and has proposed a conference with neutrals on the submarine question. Mr. Wilson answered stiffly, properly refusing all further discussion unless the last German Note is withdrawn, and the pledges of the "Sussex" Note restored. Mr. Bryan is apparently working hard to prevent a declaration of war, but it seems that Mr.

Wilson's intention, in the first instance, is not to declare war when the overt provocation occurs, but to adopt defensive measures—presumably to use warships to convoy American vessels in the danger zone. The official German statements, which seem to come from the Admiralty, are still obdurate to the point of insolence. Vienna also declares that even the risk of losing America's "valued friendship" will not cause a slackening of the submarine campaign. But one doubts whether the German Foreign Office has been so far overruled that it has abandoned all hope of preventing actual war.

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IN the meanwhile the German threats have brought about a virtual blockade of the Atlantic coast. American ships are not sailing to Europe; the docks are crowded and the wharves glutted, and the Press is growing restive at this momentary German success. There is some question of arming merchantmen, and guns are being collected, but no official decision seems to have been taken. The acuter question, in the official view, seems to be the continued imprisonment or internment by the Germans of the crew of the "Yarrowdale." Diversions are threatened in the rear of the States, and there is some risk that General Carranza, who affects German sympathies, may seize this moment (doubtless under prompting from Berlin) to make trouble. American attention may also be diverted by the risk of disorder in Cuba, where the Conservatives, under Senor Gomez, are threatening to use arms to upset the election of the Liberal and pro-American President Menocal. The general rally of neutrals behind America is developing, and some of the Southern Republics, especially Chile, are even now not far behind Mr. Wilson's position. The Scandinavian Note is a dignified argument, but nothing more. China, however, announces her intention of acting—partly, perhaps, to ensure American sympathy in her own troubles, and partly, it may be, because, if she should become formally a belligerent, she will gain a voice in the settlement.

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THE unrestricted submarine war has run another week, and the total of tonnage sunk is only 6 per cent. more than last week. If the average of this week were to be continued for the rest of the month, the world would have lost very little more than during December. But it is true that we should have lost more. The periods of grace for neutrals were withdrawn on the evenings of the 6th, 10th and 12th for the North Sea, Mediterranean, and Atlantic respectively. The week therefore covers a period under which considerably less neutral shipping has been exposed to attack—in other words, the Germans have partly succeeded in withdrawing neutral shipping from the seas. The actual losses of neutrals amount to some 15 per cent. less than last week, and hence the Allies have lost more. The actual increase in the loss of Allied tonnage during the week is 13,397, not a very considerable amount. But the important fact is that over 25,000 tons of neutral shipping were sunk this week. If the ships are in future to be kept back, as seems probable, the total loss will

fall upon the Allies. The gravity of the problem is therefore undiminished, although it is wise to remember that the actual amount of tonnage sunk is only a small proportion of the total clearance at British and Allied ports.

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THE debate on the submarine campaign in the Lords produced several estimates of casualties, some of which at least rather conceal than reveal the truth. Lord Beresford stated that since the beginning of the war over 4,000,000 tons of shipping, available for the Allies, had been lost. Over half of this was, according to the Germans, British shipping, and on the face of it the proportion would seem to be just. Lord Curzon's figures, however, place our production of shipping considerably higher than most estimates, since he fixes our net loss at about 850,000 tons. As we have lost very heavily during the last three months, this statement is so far reassuring. But it wholly fails to take into account the fact that when only 40 per cent. of our shipping was being used for direct war purposes, as some 30 per cent. of our carrying trade was done by neutrals. Now that 75 per cent. of our shipping is requisitioned, the burden of supplying the ordinary needs of these islands is proportionately increased.

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THIS is really the danger of the new submarine campaign. Neutrals are liable to be frightened off the seas. To a great extent this process is at work already, and hence the problem before us is to make up not only for our own losses, but also for the withdrawal of neutral shipping at the very time that it has become far more necessary. The measures for dealing with this danger suggested by Lord Curzon are the offer to neutrals of increased freights and special insurance facilities, with premiums for the crews. We shall also offer to buy their ships "if necessary and where possible." There can be little doubt of the necessity. Also it would be a better plan for neutrals than allowing their ships to remain idle in their ports.

* * *

PREPARATORY, no doubt, to the coming Imperial Conference, an interim report of Lord Balfour's Committee on After-War Trade Policy, appointed last summer to consider the conclusions of the Paris Economic Conference, has been submitted to the Government. The "Times" says that the Committee recommends "the adoption of Imperial preference as the foundation on which should be reared our world economic policy of the future." Since the Committee contains several members reputed to be staunch Free Traders, it can hardly have reached so momentous a decision with unanimity. It is, however, credibly reported that the Government has already under favorable consideration a proposal in the same direction, designed for submission to the Imperial Conference. Our new Protectionists, Tory and ex-Liberal, are no doubt well advised, as a mere matter of tactics, in making their first movement towards a tariff along lines of an appeal to imperial unity in economic defence. Mr. George, as the "Morning Post" reminds its readers, betrayed, even in the Imperial Conference of 1907, a strong leaning towards this policy. It will appeal to ex-Liberals as "a conservation of the resources of the Empire." How does it appeal to France and our Allies? And what right has the Government thus to reverse, without the pretence of a mandate, the policy overwhelmingly endorsed in 1906?

* * *

THE position at Kut is now such that it cannot long be held by the Turks. The British have advanced little by little over the maze of trenches

which filled the bend of the river above the confluence of the Hai. The liquorice factory fell last Saturday. This outlying work Townshend had held throughout the siege. With its fall, and the advance on both sides of it, the British have pushed their line right up to the river bend. Kut now lies in a pocket of the British lines by which it is closely invested, and our control of the situation extends up to the Shumran Bridge, where the Turkish headquarters was formerly situated. The use of the river for supplying the garrison can now be forbidden, and it is difficult to see that the Turks can much longer remain in Kut. The effects of these gradual operations of investment have already been important. The Turks have been forced to send considerable reinforcements, and they have suffered heavy loss. These will not be without their influence on the Turkish front in Armenia when the season gives the Grand Duke the chance to advance.

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TOWARDS the end of last week the Austrians opened an attack on the Italian front near Gorizia, which met with a heavy repulse. The front of the assault extended about five miles from Santa Caterina to near Vertoibisza. The bombardment began on Friday afternoon, and continued past midnight, the counter-fire of the Italians being so heavy that the attack was not launched until early in the morning. At first the Austrians met with some success. They captured a line of trenches near the hill which covers Santa Caterina; but a skilful counter-attack restored the front, and resulted in the capture of the assailants who had taken it. On the rest of the line attacked the Italians were withdrawn, but the trenches were so overwhelmingly shelled that the Austrians could not hold them. The struggle to advance continued all Saturday and Sunday. But at the end of the day the enemy remained nowhere in occupation of the ground he had seized. The assault had been a costly failure.

* * *

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG has given to representatives of the "Journal" and other French papers an interview which rings very oddly. He was not only confident. He was so confident as to discuss the mechanism by which he looks to achieve victory. He is going to break the German line "completely and at many places." "Our cavalry is awaiting the opening of the gate so that the enemy's defeat may be turned into a rout. The enemy will not have the possibility of entrenching himself even far behind the lines." Railway lines and artillery are our two gravest concerns, and though "we can even furnish our Allies beyond their requirements," we want "more artillery—heavy artillery especially." "The first attacks of the great offensive may at first be limited and uncertain. . . . It will take several months still to annihilate" the enemy. We trust that Sir Douglas Haig will make good his words. But they had better not have been spoken.

* * *

WE are glad to see that the Government, in suggesting a further restriction in the output of beer, have opened the door to a general measure of State purchase of the trade. This seems to us the policy of statesmanship. Prohibition of the use by the breweries of the grain which is wanted for bread, may, of course, become necessary, and the Government ought to go in front of that emergency and not behind it. But such prohibition would be less of a policy than a war expedient. As a permanence it could have no chance of success. We have warning enough that the workmen would resist it, and would regard it as an act of class legislation. That objection does not lie against State

purchase and a system of disinterested management. There is the remedy of principle if the Government have the courage to apply it. We shall return to the subject next week.

* * *

GERMANS represent the submarine murders as a reply to the illegalities of the Allied blockade which they declare to be starving their non-combatant population. We recently pointed out that this contention is untrue. The soldiery are, in fact, starving the people; German starvation is largely self-imposed. The blockade merely closes to the enemy an expedient by means of which he could have certain goods and services without stealing them from his civilians. Mr. Gerald Fennes has supported this thesis in two articles in the "Westminster Gazette." He gives statistics which show that the bulk of Germany's imported necessities came either from her Allies or from countries with whom she is at war. Only one-third of her breadstuffs were obtained in 1912, and only half in 1913, from countries affected by the blockade. Of barley, oats, and maize, one-fourth of the whole was imported from countries directly affected by the blockade. Her potato supply was wholly drawn from countries not directly affected by the blockade. This was true also of the bulk of the meat and dairy produce. The gist of the German complaint is really that the whole world will not cease its ordinary work to help them to make war, and rid them of the disagreeable necessity of supporting their military pretensions upon the food of their women, children, and infirm.

* * *

SUFFRAGISTS are anxiously considering their tactics in the promising but delicate situation created by the Report of the Speaker's Conference. Sir John Simon, in his speech to a crowded meeting in support of full adult suffrage at the Kingsway Hall, made it clear that the members of the Conference are bound by their agreement to support *en bloc* the resolutions which were carried unanimously. That is inevitable, and the immense gain of an agreed settlement justifies these tactics. But, Sir John added, there is no such understanding about the Woman Suffrage resolution, which was carried only by a majority. The first step is, of course, to insist that a Bill must be introduced by the Government this session. A year will be necessary (more or less) to work out the redistribution of constituencies, and to compile the new register. As yet we have no clue to the Cabinet's intentions. Mr. Henderson, answering a question at a meeting, suggested that nothing could be done until after the war. Lord Rhondda also (in a published letter) implies that there may be a long delay. The whole tone of Mr. Bonar Law during the debate on the Address was to discourage any legislative work. This attitude will be reinforced by the opposition of Lord Curzon, Lord Milner, and Sir Edward Carson. We hope that the women's organizations will lose no chance of urging immediate action, and will expect their champions in the House to put pressure on Mr. George.

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It will no doubt be urged that if a Bill is introduced, it must be practically unopposed, and suffragists will be asked to take in silence whatever may be offered them. Undoubtedly it will be difficult to amend the Bill without wrecking it. From that fact we draw the moral that every effort ought to be made now, before a Bill is drafted, both by women and by Parliamentarians, to move the Cabinet to frame its Bill on wide lines. To exclude all women under thirty-five is, first, to exclude nearly all the munition workers; and, secondly, to disarm most of those who have a direct concern in the

future industrial settlement. No less than 75 per cent. of the women in paid occupations are under thirty-five years of age. The proposed women's electorate will be doubly conservative; partly from this age-limit and partly from the restrictions of the local Government franchise. If the latter is adopted, the age ought to be lowered to twenty-five. In any event the proposed age of thirty-five is impossible. Suffragists should realize that they hold a strong tactical position. Parliamentarians quite rightly want to carry the Speaker's charter, a big and bold achievement, but they must pay something for the chance. Suffragists ought not to sell their assent too cheaply. As yet the Parliamentarians have not even got a Bill from our dictators.

* * *

THE Kaiser may always be relied on to hurt his cause and assist ours. His latest manifesto, only half coherent, is in the shape of an interview with his "Court poet," Dr. Müller. It quotes the slightly pro-German Swedish Note as a document "written as for eternity," and the assurance that the "declared will of small States, is against the Anglo-Saxon world." This false version of the attitude of the European neutrals assumes an Anglo-American alliance, an issue which in its turn completes the moral outlawry of Germany. The Kaiser's history is not less astray than his politics. He declares that "Napoleon's Continental blockade" "from a phantom" has become a reality. Napoleon's Continental blockade ruined him. It brought in Russia, as the German blockade is bringing in America.

* * *

IN watching the contest between Liberals and the reaction in Russia, progressive public opinion finds itself increasingly perplexed. At all costs we desire a reformed and constitutional Russia, but we must beware of supposing that Russian Liberals are in their foreign policy a pacific force. Professor Miliukoff, who speaks for the whole "Cadet" movement, has just drafted in his organ, the "Retch," its programme of a war-settlement which surpasses in its projects of conquest even the average of our own wilder Tories. The careful summary in the "Manchester Guardian" includes no mention of any international system. He would partition Austria-Hungary and Turkey root and branch. He supports our Imperialists in their claim, not only to all the German colonies, but to Arabia and Mesopotamia as well. He hesitates only as to whether Palestine should go (with Syria) to France, or should be internationalized. To Italy he would give Western Asia Minor (the sphere formerly allotted to Greece), including, apparently, Smyrna.

* * *

ALL these concessions, of course, prepare the way for an extreme Russian programme—the annexation of Constantinople, Armenia, and all the Polish or semi-Polish territories of Austria or Russia. He claims the Masurian Poles of East Prussia, who are Protestants and Germanized. He demands the mouth of the Vistula, thus separating East from West Prussia. Finally, his plan for dismembering Austria adopts the most extreme of all the current proposals. He creates an independent Bohemia, and then, realizing that it will be isolated, suggests that it must be linked with the South Slav State and the Adriatic, by a broad corridor, 200 by 100 kilometres. This corridor would, of course, include the most purely German region of Austria. Psychologically, we suppose the Russian Liberals have been driven into this extreme attitude by way of reaction against their own Conservatives, who are pro-Germans. They risk, however, some loss of the full sympathy which Western Liberalism would so gladly extend to them.

Politics and Affairs.

THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE PRIME MINISTER.

It is a sign of our times that at the moment when the world is going to pieces for the want of clear thought and right action, there should be a newspaper attack on speech, which is the organ of both. Our statesmen are bidden not to speak to the Parliaments which made them. They are to "work." They are to attack the technical problems of war. They are to quicken its pulse and develop its mechanism. But the problem, which is the resettlement of a distracted world, is to be left to itself, until, we suppose, the soldiers have made a lane, piled with fresh corpses, through which these gentlemen can walk. Now there is ground for the instinct which regards our whole political class as being under sentence, and liable at any moment to be called up for judgment. They failed, in Mr. George's phrase, "to face the facts." But that is no reason why, when a new set of facts has arisen, they should be encouraged to run away from them. What are they? In a few weeks or days, all the greater European societies will open the greatest gamble in human life and well-being they have ever known. The merely cynical observer of this game sees in it the old stake of power, distributed on the system of balance between the half-dozen Empire-States. But the statesmen who play it have themselves introduced a new element in this speculation of death. They have promised the youth who have gone to the shambles in millions the definite creation and maintenance of a new international order. If we may judge from the spirit of our own soldiery, of the French armies, and even of the idealists in the enemy's ranks, this vision was a real marching presence with the hosts of 1914; thousands had their deaths illuminated by it. But since then there has been a change. There have been the secret territorial agreements of the Powers, and, now, so far as the ambiguous voice of the oracle enlightens us at all, it speaks in the old terminology of conquest. An insidious scheme of substitution goes on. Austria is to go down, Russia to go up.* "War for the Tchecho-Slovaks," "War for a Russian Constantinople," "War on German Trade," slip into the place of the old simple categories of "War for a Free Belgium," "War for a Reunited Europe," or "War to End War." In this new and interminable struggle, the people, from whom the greater sacrifices have been demanded, and who under conscription lose half their old rights of citizenship, will have no determining part. Their Parliaments are to be silent; their Ministers withdrawn from them into the mechanical direction of the war.

Now Mr. Lloyd George enters on this confused and tragic scene in the embarrassing company of Tory Imperialism and the Northcliffe Press.† But it is fair to remember that his mind received an earlier and finer imprint. Mr. George's youth, his political training, his fresher impulses of temperament and association, are with the people of his own land. He is a newcomer. He springs from the sufferers from war, not from its makers. Nothing that his old colleagues have done, nothing maybe that he himself has said, will bind him. A true amateur, he can look into and through the professional mind, and see where its gropings lead into blind alleys, in which human

* M. Miliukoff, the Russian statesman, proposes in the "Retch" to set up a Russian Constantinople and Armenia, a British Mesopotamia, a French Syria, as well as utterly to destroy the Austrian Empire.

† "See where he stands between two clergymen."—Richard III.

society can no longer walk. He is free to deal with a diplomacy of whose tangles he knows little, and a Europe whose concept barely entered his mind three short years ago. It is this detachment which yields him his temptation and his opportunity. He has attained his ambition; broken up two Governments, broken Liberalism, broken with old friends and his old self. Now, it is needless to take this roguish Peer Gynt at play with the world at too high a valuation. Mr. George is not what some flatterers name him, an organizer, a strategist, a planner of victories. Lord Northcliffe's phrase will serve—he is a "vitalizer," an incalculable natural force thrown into an atmosphere of ruin and disturbance, in which his buoyant temperament floats, and his energy finds plenty of superficial work to do. But his task is merely belittled by treating it as a kind of winking activity, as of a figure in a cinema show. Simple in its moral significance, it yet presents in its details a complexity that might have baffled Napoleon. Alone, therefore, he cannot execute it; he lacks the equipment. He has been wrong in cutting himself off from the best forms of British government, from its more habitual moderation of tone and thought; above all, from its free Parliament. He has been wrong in letting impatience overgrow his gift of persuasiveness, his natural charm and ease of communication. But the human problem remains, and that is whether the Prime Minister has the power of returning on himself, looking at war as he would have looked at it ten years ago, and yet assimilating the new and ameliorating idea which American statesmanship has struck out. He may have lost this power; if so, he has lost himself. But we should still suppose that if Mr. George left himself a few moments for thinking, his mind would turn to means of slaking down the vast conflagration of this war. There, and there alone, can his true gift and art, which is that of management, appear.

It is in this higher tact, in itself a modern word for imagination, that Mr. George has hitherto been found wanting. His adroitness in personal encounter has failed before the task of conducting a great nation through a great war. He made his material contribution to the contest when, upsetting Lord Kitchener's slower calculation, he turned to the rapid provision of munitions. Product and waste were on a generous scale, but the general effect was imposing and necessary. The spiritual appeal went astray from the moment when Mr. George began to treat England as if it were a province of Germany. Let the mechanical mind think, if it will, that Britain's effort has gained by forced soldiering and forced working, and from a presentation of the issue* which coarsened it in our own eyes and in those of the neutral world, and stripped it of every moral element. Let the man to whom liberty is merely a stone to throw at Germany applaud the belittling of Parliament, and accept the disorder which, starting from a kind of random dictatorship, trails along the entire plane of Mr. George's administration. Is there not a deeper confusion still, answering to the want of unified direction in a Government whose friends put up the sign of "Act without Thinking" as a blazing counter-attraction to the old trade-motto of "Wait and See"? The war, says Mr. George in his latest message to America, is a war not of conquest but of liberation. So say all of us; but is it being so waged, and will it be so finished? Pursue it to its professed ends of enfranchisement, and if the enemy has not had his lesson in the

* In the "dog-fight" interview.

meaning and cost of an aggressive war, beat down his usurping spirit till he learns it. But stop there. Remember not only the immense range and the devouring passion of the conflict, but its futility, unless wisdom—and moderation is a true attribute of wisdom—preside over the settlement. The League of Nations cannot issue from a peace which would set up the Entente as virtually the sole disposer of Europe; it is the alternative conception to that of the Balance of Power, or of the dominance of a single European group, not its complement. The Asquith-Grey Government was slowly feeling its way to the American issue; Mr. George's language, the nudging and prompting of the Northcliffe Press, point away from it. But the youth of the nations, innocent of politics, and bled white in the war, will never forgive the statesman who, out of the anarchy, the divisions of Babel, which statesmanship has caused, fails to bring a *peace of general acceptance*, a settlement which, in Mr. Wells's words, is, as near as may be, "scientific" and "unimpassioned." Many see in Mr. George's mobility and freshness of mind an instrument of adaptability for these ends. So may it be. The American intervention offers him a partnership of the trained mind harnessed with the quick, instinctive one, no less than an unequalled combination of the three great democracies of the world. The problem with him is moral; can he translate into policy and action the disinterestedness of our original purpose in entering this war? He has indeed so combined the associates of his second career as to make it seem little more than a rebuke to his first. Opportunity contracts for him, as for the hapless owner of the *peau de chagrin*, with every fresh motion and impulse of the life he has chosen. But he has his chance, and if there remains in him the soul of the man he was, he may yet take it.

SPENDING AND BORROWING.

This week will be made memorable by the record of the two largest financial operations in the history of the world—the credit vote of 550 millions by the House of Commons, and the completion of the largest borrowing transaction to which this or any Government has committed itself. It is with a rueful satisfaction that the nation confronts Mr. Bonar Law's exposition of our ability to go on pouring these ever-growing streams of treasure into the furnaces of Moloch. The House of Commons, once the guardian of the public purse, has long been deposed from any real control. It hardly ventures upon criticism or lifts its voice to restrain the appalling extravagance which every informed business man knows is going on in every department released from even the formal supervision of the Treasury. Its quiescence is due to various considerations; first, to the knowledge of its impotence; secondly, to a recognition of the fact that the huge hasty improvisations of war imply, and in a sense excuse, extravagance; and, lastly, to the stupefying effect which figures of such incomprehensible magnitude exercise upon the human mind.

It is, however, a matter of great urgency that some force of watchful public opinion should be focussed upon this automatic register of the business side of war, lest an unchecked militarism should leave us on the brink of ruin before the war has been brought to a safe conclusion. Comparison of the five periods into which Mr. Law divides the war shows a steady, continuous mounting of the daily cost up to the present colossal figure of £5,798,000 a day. This expenditure, he

reminded us some weeks ago, could not be continued indefinitely. But the explanation given of the recent rise shows that the process must continue. Even if the more favorable changes, the diminution of advances to our Allies and Dominions, should last, the constantly growing expenditure upon munitions and foods must continue, probably at an accelerating pace. For the concentrated effort of this summer will signify more men directly transferred to the most expensive zones of action, and the prices of the enlarged quantities of munitions and other supplies which they consume will have mounted still higher. Indeed, the very recklessness with which the monetary problem is treated, can only be understood and condoned by the conviction that all the forces involved in war converge and unite to impose the necessity of a conclusion within the next few months. For though the process has hitherto gone on as if there were no national and inevitable limit to the pace of destruction, a limit there must be, and our case is that Germany must reach that limit at an earlier date than we.

But even if we thus suppose the war to last no further than this summer, the financial situation of our country will be one of the utmost gravity. When the new supply of 550 millions is exhausted, as it will be by the end of May, the total war-bill will have reached the figure of 4,182 millions, and the national debt will stand at some 4,200 millions. But the end of the war will by no means bring any great immediate alleviation of expenditure. Indeed, for six months after the peace, the Government expenses will probably allow of no reduction. We must, therefore, even taking a most favorable view of the stoppage of the war, look forward to a volume of national indebtedness not far below 6,000 millions. Even if we may safely deduct from this 1,000 millions to represent advances to our Allies, we shall be called upon to bear a burden for interest alone of some 250 millions. Add to this some 50 millions for sinking fund, and a similar sum for pensions. Add again the new peace scale of military and naval expenditure, which for some time must exceed the pre-war level, and we seem to be confronted by the necessity of finding a public revenue of not less than 600 millions per annum, or considerably more than will have been produced by the taxation of this year, including the excess profits tax, which will no longer be available. Upon a business world faced with great uncertainties and readjustments, and struggling back to normal health, the burden will fall with paralyzing effect. For though a large proportion of the taxation which must fall on business profits, rents, and interest, may be returned by the State to its debtors in the shape of interest, the waste of this process, combined with the uncertainties of incidence, will exercise a most disturbing influence on reviving trade. Nor is the financial and economic situation brightened by considering the direct effects of the prodigious borrowing which this week has reached its climax in what is officially described as the Victory Loan. If that expression means that it will "see us through" upon the monetary side, it is definitely untrue. Even if the "Times" is somewhat pessimistic in its statement that 560 millions of the new money of the loan will be wanted to cover the net deficit in the current financial year, it is evident that the whole of the available sum, however large it turns out to be, will not suffice to foot the national bill, even if the war end this summer.

As we write, the net yield of the loan is not yet known. But, thanks to the energetic organization of the last few weeks, and the efficient advertising of the final fortnight, there is every ground for anticipating

an excellent result. The quantity of new money entrusted to the State for the fighting of what several Ministers assure us is "the last stage of the war," will, we have little doubt, largely exceed the 600 millions which the 1915 loan produced. In estimating its value, however, we hope that the avoidance of the large subscription of bank-made money, which represented no real saving, and operated as an inflation to raise prices, has not been accompanied by bank advances involving in another form the same erroneous finance. The liberal facilities given by banks to customers, enabling them to make subscriptions to the loan in advance of their immediately available assets, are well justified on the assumption that within the next few months the advances will be repaid to the banks. But where credit is extended over a period of years, as there is reason to believe has been arranged in some cases, the proceeding differs little from the illicit process formerly employed. A striking example is that of the Glasgow Corporation. The Corporation is said to have received permission to invest 2 millions, with the provision that it pay off the money borrowed for the purpose within the course of the next eight years. By this arrangement 2 millions of purchasing power will be placed in the hands of the Government, the whole of which will be expended within the next few months. But by that time a very small proportion of this money will be represented by actual savings, that is to say, by the goods and services which constitute real wealth. The effect, therefore, of the Glasgow Corporation lending will be for a long period to inflate the currency and to accelerate the process of raising prices.

This criticism is applicable to all subscriptions where no immediate or early fund of actual wealth corresponds to the money that has been borrowed from the banks. Where Corporations and other business bodies, public or private, happen to have large unexpended funds in hand, or procurable at an early date, they render a conspicuous service by lending it to meet the needs of the Government. But they have no right thus to allocate beforehand earnings which will only accrue a good deal later on. The injury of such inflation is a double one. It will raise the prices for the very articles on which the Government will spend such money. Further, it will deplete the future supply of capital which will be urgently required to reconstitute normal trade and to repair the broken structure of industry and commerce when the war is over. We hope, therefore, that bankers have not been so ill-advised as to supply large quantities of credit with so extended a limit for repayment as to leave the future credit system of the country enfeebled at a time which will in any case severely test its strength. While every legitimate effort is rightly made to give the Government the financial help it needs, inflation, however it may conceal itself, should be disconcerted by those who know from experience the lasting injuries it inflicts upon the economic resources of the nation.

THE COMING OFFENSIVE.

"This trench warfare must give way to a war of movement, which alone will procure for us the great advantages we count upon."—Sir Douglas Haig, in an interview with a representative of the *Hayas Agency*.

An air of unreality hangs over the comparative immobility of the war. Everyone knows that behind the lines the most strenuous efforts have been and are being made for the new offensive, but no one can predict when the minor activity, which is never absent from the

battlefields, will merge into the most terrible encounter of history. Nevertheless, we can divine the unique character of this phase of the war. At first all the incidence was upon the men; then, later on, the men were less important than the munitions. Now, both have to some extent fallen into the background, and the railways take their place. On the German side the change is most marked, and its meaning is unmistakable. While attrition has worn down the resources of all the belligerents, it has dealt most harshly with the enemy. Long ago he began to economize his troops by means of artillery and various technical contrivances. Even these prove insufficient now to cope with the fundamental and final call of the Front for men. Hence the trains are pressed into service to exchange mobility against numbers.

The general outlines of the approaching campaign are not obscure. As Field-Marshal Haig has pointed out, an Allied victory can only come from the war of positions passing into the war of movements. Whatever may be the detailed course of the offensive, there can be no doubt whatever that it will not yield a victory unless it yields a radical change of fronts in the West. How long it may take to achieve this is irrelevant to the plain military issue that a decision must result in the "steel wall" becoming fluid. We do not speak of routs and pursuits, which are things of the past, except in an extremely limited and local sense. But there must come a time when the mere lack of numbers will force the Germans to take up shorter lines. The German military critics reduce the problem of the war to a question of holding out for three months, and it is admitted that the new submarine campaign was begun early because of the probable date of the Allied offensive. They find it necessary to express the situation in these crude terms because they realize that if the main fronts were to be broken, the submarine campaign would be useless to avert defeat. And the German Chancellor quoted Hindenburg as stating that the military situation was now such that the unrestricted campaign on the seas could be initiated. The Field-Marshal's measures are worth considering. It was he who ordered the Belgian deportations; and since there seems no obvious reason why Belgian workmen should not work in their own country, we may well see in this measure a first precaution against the possibility of retreat through Belgium. A hostile population on the line of retreat would be a peril which no general could disregard. We imagine, therefore, that the possibility of retreat is contemplated on the West. Indeed, it is common knowledge now that the Belgian frontier has been fortified, and that strategic railways have been built behind it. It would be a shrewd economy of force if Hindenburg could at once overawe neutrals who might be restive under the new submarine campaign at the same time that he provides a small compact reserve on the Dutch and Swiss frontiers to act against the flanks of a possible advance.

No risks are being taken on the German side. They will go back if they must; but they do not mean to suffer even a local defeat if it is possible to avoid it by careful provision. Sir Douglas Haig, no doubt, was referring to the new line at the Belgian frontier, when he said that the cavalry are waiting and will prevent the enemy "entrenching himself even far behind the lines." That in a phrase is the whole difficulty of the situation. We have probably reared an army which can break the enemy's line. It has done so already several times. But the problem is to end the war of positions. After the German army is broken on a given front, its broken ends must be turned, and the line rolled up. On several

occasions we have broken through it so thoroughly that the Germans thought it must be turned. Documents from headquarters were hastily packed into motor cars, and everything prepared for a withdrawal. Twice in the Battle of the Somme the Germans thought we were through. But the plain fact is that we have schooled our army to one form of warfare, which ends directly the line is broken. It is for this reason that we reject the conclusion by the military correspondent of the "Daily News" that a certain number of the divisional corps and army commands should be given to New Army and Territorial officers. Let them be given if Sir Douglas Haig and Sir William Robertson think them suitable, but not on the ground advanced that they are quite as well instructed in the modified principles of strategy and tactics which trench warfare has brought in as the old regular officers trained in the Staff College on Clausewitz. The present is only a phase in the war. The beginning and end of all wars is the old warfare of movements. And if we should fail to "pierce the line," it would be for no other reason than that our commanders lacked the perfect command of the principles of warfare which almost automatically issues in the correct decision when the men are through the line. The Russian line is on its present position simply because Mackensen had this instinctive grip of warfare, and it is more than probable—it is almost certain—that if the army which fought at Loos had stood before the Dunajec and Gorlice, they would still be standing there. What we need is not so much to attain victory as to retain it when it is in our hands. All this turns upon principles that are at least as old as Scharnhorst, and unless the commanding officers are conversant with them, their heroism, ingenuity, skill, and endurance will all be in vain.

FAMINE AND STRATEGY.

In the course of Tuesday's debate on the submarine peril, Lord Beresford referred to the possibility that a general famine may overtake the whole world in the spring. Our speculations on this subject turn too exclusively to the future, and are busied too much with the fortunes of the chief belligerents. In the military and political sense what concerns us is primarily to know how far the nations which on each side bear the brunt of the active conflict can stand the coming strain. The question of destiny is narrowed to the conflict of arms and endurance between the Central Empires and ourselves. The passive populations seem to count for nothing in the swaying balance. When the war is over, and the curtain lifted, our measurement of values may undergo some revision. The chief belligerents will survive as nations; they will make peace just before the threatening ruin breaks. The nations which are most in danger are those which have no say in the policy of mutual beggary. The cost of any prolongation of the war must be measured in terms of their unrepresented suffering. The Belgians have so far escaped literal starvation, thanks to the marvellous work of Mr. Hoover's Relief Commission, but they have not escaped the lowered vitality and the increased susceptibility to disease which follow from short commons. A darker future threatens them in the new phase of submarine warfare. Poland offers the more tragic spectacle. It has suffered three invasions. It was swept clean by the retreating Russian armies, which followed the tactics of 1812, and endeavored to make a waste for the enemy. What remained was gleaned by that enemy, rendered ruthless by the stress of

privation. It is included without exception in the area of blockade, and little relief work has been possible to mitigate its calamities. We have seen some conjectural figures of the mortality. Terrible as they are, they made no such impress on the imagination as the plain statements made by neutral travellers that practically the whole of the Polish childhood, up to the age of seven or thereabouts, has perished in this hideous trial. Of the plight of Serbia we know nothing. The statement that its potential productive riches have been exploited to the utmost, in order to provide the Germans with food, leaves a hope that the peasantry may have shared sparingly in the harvests which they raised.

In this overcrowded picture of misery and starvation, a place in the foreground is due to Syria and Palestine. The news is scanty, but it is all to the same effect. A plague of locusts came early in the war and destroyed the harvests. External trade ceased, and the ports were blockaded. The armies gathered for the invasion of Egypt ate up the country, and the confusion was increased by the commandeering of the draught animals for military needs. At the best, the Turkish Government is always inert, helpless, and indifferent when such calamities occur. In this case politics may have emphasized its normal apathy. It suspected the existence of treasonable nationalist movements among the Syrians, arrested notables, and made a reign of terror. It suspected the hardy mountaineers of the Lebanon, and for a time drew a blockading cordon round their self-governing community, within which they were left to starve. It has also formally suppressed their political privileges—a mere detail in their more pressing sufferings. Want was followed by typhus, and statements have reached this country from neutral travellers, who describe the peasantry all over Syria and Palestine as in the grip of starvation, living, where they live at all, on garbage or roots, and ultimately lying down in despair to die by the roadside. It has been suggested that the Young Turks are bitten by a new form of madness, and now wish to exterminate all the Non-Turkish races, even those which are, like the Syrians, chiefly Moslems. That sounds to us improbable, for no Orientals think in terms of race; but certainly in war-time a Turkish Government is likely to be even less capable of coping with such calamities than it is in times of peace, and it is also true that the Young Turks regard the Arabs generally with distrust. The relief fund, for which Lord Bryce and others are appealing,* may do good work if our offensive from Egypt into Palestine should make progress.

The possibility of our military intervention in a country whose sufferings must have prepared it for change, raises a delicate but fascinating political problem. In no part of the East does one encounter claims so confusing. There are at least three separate issues of nationality. In the Lebanon, Druses and Maronites, with the benevolent interest chiefly of the French, have established a prosperous and promising autonomous province. Throughout Syria a movement for Home Rule with an Arab nationalist basis has for many years rallied a measure of support from the more enlightened Moslems, as well as from the native Christian minority. In Palestine are centred the hopes of the Zionist Movement, and the pioneer efforts of Jewish settlers to create a self-supporting agricultural colony, with Hebrew as its mother-tongue and Judaism as its national culture, have already met with encouraging success. Three European Imperial interests compete. The German plans, partly strategical, partly

* Syria and Palestine Relief Fund, Church House, Westminster.

economic, are sufficiently notorious. Far older is the interest of France in Syria. It dates from the scientific travels of Volney, which prepared the expedition of Napoleon. It revived in the Second Empire, and it has never been forgotten. Its romantic side attracts the adventurous spirit of the nation. The financiers are committed to railway schemes. French Catholics are peculiarly interested, partly for sentimental reasons, and partly because their missions have always protected the Syrian Church, and have done admirable educational work, especially at Beyrouth. The standing of France in the Levant may not be quite what it once was. The American colleges now surpass the French, and French trade no longer holds the first place. But as the allies and friends of France, we must beware of under-estimating the depth of French sentiment about Syria.

The third of these Imperial interests centres in the defence of Egypt and the Canal. Before the war, British military opinion was satisfied that the best defence for this vital line of communication lay in the desert of Sinai, the roadless, waterless waste which lies in the path of any invader who would advance from Turkey into Egypt. Events have proved that it can be traversed, and some unofficial writers are unfavorably impressed by the fact that we defended the Canal on lines not far distant from the Canal itself. It is now urged by some of these critics that, to secure Egypt, we must establish ourselves beyond it, and in one form or another control or annex Palestine. To our thinking, the older military reasoning was the sounder, apart altogether from politics. If the event showed that an invader can cross Sinai (as countless conquerors have done since the dawn of history), it also proved that only a small force can overcome its natural difficulties, a mere raiding party without heavy guns or adequate supplies. Naturally we allowed it to advance almost up to the Canal, and thus forced it to fight as far as possible from its base. The result fully justified the accepted and traditional calculation. If, on the other hand, this advanced school had its way, and we were to insist on defending Egypt in Palestine, the question would arise where we could find in Syria, short of the Cilician Gates, a natural frontier so narrow and so difficult as the Sinai Desert. Strategists' logic (even when it is better founded than this seems to be) is a dangerous guide to follow in such matters. One starts from the problem of defending India. One ends by claiming a territory as large as India itself, and far more difficult and scattered and vulnerable. For the same logic which claims Palestine will also insist on the overlordship (after Egypt) of Arabia, Mesopotamia, and Southern Persia. Our sea-power won India. But this argument asks for a broad and continuous land road, which would commit us to endless military entanglements.

The political risks are even graver. These claims of our wilder theoretic writers would commit the whole Entente to a vast programme of conquest. To prolong the war for such ends would be an outrage on democracy: not for these schemes did our young men go out to fight. We are very far from the moment at which their realization might be feasible. If it ever comes, we may discover that there are difficulties in the way of an amicable settlement. Assume that Russia has lost her old interest in the Holy Sepulchre, vivid and passionate as it was on the eve of the Crimean War. It is a large assumption, and we imagine that Orthodox and Catholic alike would wince at the picture, drawn by the Bishop of London at a recent missionary meeting, of an Anglican Bishop arranging the disputes about the Holy Places.

Russia might acquiesce if she got Constantinople. But France, if there is going to be partition, will undoubtedly want Syria, and in Syria she commonly includes Palestine. For our part, we would not insist on any change in this part of the world if insistence meant the prolongation of the war. But if change should be possible, the better human claim is assuredly that of the Jews. When Empires compete, the best solution is to fall back on the inspiration of nationality. It is to be regretted that a section of the Zionist movement has adopted as its formula a Jewish community in Palestine with the status of a "British Dominion." The less contentious and more natural plan would be a neutral Jewish State under international guarantees. Such a State would be the proper flank and buttress of the Suez Canal, which is legally (a fact too often forgotten) a neutral, international highway. By such expedients alone, whether at Constantinople or in Palestine, can we hope to prepare the organized international order of the future.

WHY AMERICA COMES IN.—I.

FORECASTS as to the nature and effect of American intervention in the war seem just now in England to be of two opposing kinds. One school points to the fact that the President has accepted none of the submarine atrocities since the breaking off of diplomatic relations as the "overt act" which was to mark war, as proof that whatever happens the "passivism" of America will be continued to the end, and that she will pay virtually any price in submission rather than enter the war. The opposed school foresees, sooner or later, as a result of the diplomatic rupture with Germany, a reaction of American temper so great that the combative spirit will not only produce a formal state of war with Germany, but will sweep away the policy of a League of Nations. Thus America's entrance will be the occasion of a great prolongation of the war, followed by a new balance of power—a balance of which, some European critics have hinted, America aspires to be the deciding weight. America would inherit the rôle which England had played in the past.

We are told that with the landing of the first American regiment in Europe (with its accompanying regiment of newspaper correspondents) and the first act of atrocity—like the destruction of an ambulance train, or the shooting of an American nurse—of which Americans are the victims, the cold aloofness of the President will be swallowed up by the American susceptibility to collective emotionalism. A demand for strong methods will make talk of "peace without victory," or the inclusion of the Central Powers in any League of Nations, sheer treason. It is pointed out that, as every one of the great belligerent Powers has "combed out" the personnel of its Government in order to get rid of the early moderating elements, so will America, the most emotionally impatient of them all.

To make any just estimate of this second possibility (the abandonment of the ideal of the League of Nations), we must recall President Wilson's record in the handling of certain past situations both in the relations with Mexico and with Germany. By all the precedents, the situation should have led to war and to uncontrollable explosions on the part of American public opinion. It led to neither, and presented consequently new phenomena in the psychology of international relations. Not only had this experience accustomed the American public to taking unusual situations with a new calmness, it must

inevitably have confirmed the President's belief in his own capacity to "apply the brake." Further, the great intensifier of war emotions is fear. The chief European belligerents have been driven for two and a-half years by the instant need at all costs of maintaining and improving their position in the field, of holding back a relentless enemy. That has not been, and will not be in any vivid sense, the position of America. Her lot will be less precarious. That enables her public, with some guidance, soberly to weigh policies, and gives her Government, by that fact, a larger choice of policies; and, above all, makes it possible for both to keep sight of the object for which America enters the war.

In this connection we must realize how America's position at the peace will differ from that of the Allies, which even the excitement of war will hardly be able to obscure. The difference is this: That even though the plan for a League of Nations fail, each one of the present Allies will have secured some tangible result by its military victory—the cession of "unredeemed" territory, the evacuation of territory now occupied, or material guarantees against aggression. For them "the goods can be delivered" in the event of victory. But the goods for which America is fighting—neutral rights, the safety of non-combatant life at sea, and so on—cannot be handed over in this definite way at all. They depend upon the keeping of a promise in the future. And the only hope of its performance is a better international organization. If America has not secured that, she will not know whether she has obtained the thing for which she fought. It has been argued, it is true, that the mere knowledge on the part of future belligerents that the misuse of mine or submarine will bring the American navy into the seas against them will be enough to check such violations of law. But if the threat of one navy is to have this restraining effect, how comes it that the very thing which is likely to bring America into the war is a ferocity which the navies of half-a-dozen Powers during more than two years have not been able to check? It has more than once been pointed out in America that if that country does not at the end of the war secure a League of Nations, she will have secured nothing. And that is not altogether true of the other Powers engaged.

At the height of the "Sussex" crisis last year, when it seemed then that rupture with Germany was inevitable, the "New Republic," which has undoubtedly become one of Mr. Wilson's organs, printed a remarkable "Appeal to the President," significant as showing how the minds of American Liberals were working in a crisis that was merely the present one undeveloped. The "New Republic" at that time said:—

"Can we, by going to war with Germany, obtain the kind of guaranty which we desire? Suppose that in conjunction with the Allies, we beat Germany to the ground, and are in a position to dictate the terms of peace. What guaranty can we extract from Germany which will prevent for the future such crimes as the sinking of the 'Lusitania'? We can obtain a promise from Germany, nothing more. But promises we have already had, and the reason we are now in a crisis with Germany is not that she will not promise, but that she will not fulfil her promise.

"Moreover, if you break with Germany now, if you declare war upon her, on what terms will you resume relations, on what terms will you make peace? How will you know when you have got what you are contending for? When Germany sues for peace, offers apologies and reparation, and makes promises for the future? You have had all these things from Germany, and the fearful fact is that when military necessity is great enough, the promises are worthless."

We see from the situation here exposed that the President's advocacy of the "League to Enforce Peace" is to be explained not merely on humanitarian

and idealistic grounds, but on very tangible grounds of national policy as well. America's special interests are associated with it in the same way that British interests in the past have been associated with the maintenance of a Continental Balance of Power, or are to-day associated with the "cutting of the corridor." The American promotion of the League of Nations has a basis in "Realpolitik" as well as in "Sentimentalpolitik."

If this main objective is seen in its true perspective, we shall realize how skilful has been the President's conduct of policy. The habituation of Americans to war-like situations during the last two and a-half years will help to save them from emotional excesses, and enable them to keep in view the end for which they entered the war. The President's most recent speeches—especially the one to the Senate—have been an insurance against extravagant "bitter-endism." What—with general American approval—he has urged upon others he cannot later be blamed for urging upon Americans.

Given this one factor of sobriety and emotional restraint, the "coming in" of America can only improve the chances of a League of Nations settlement. The outstanding obstacles to the success of that cause while America remained neutral were: First, the sceptical attitude of European public opinion, the fear that America would not at the pinch "play up"; secondly, the Roosevelt-Lodge type of opposition in America itself; and thirdly, the inertia of American public opinion, which, while for the most part sentimentally approving the idea of a League of Nations, had not vividly faced its implications in the matter of foreign entanglements. But actual participation in a European war will compel a lively American interest in foreign affairs and break down the old indifference to European disturbance. And it will furnish the impetus which the President will need when his policy encounters the inevitable set-backs. The rupture of diplomatic negotiations has already gone far to conciliate the Roosevelt-Lodge type of opposition within America, and to scotch the anti-American sentiment which had grown up in Europe.

(*To be continued.*)

SINN FEIN AND NORTH ROSCOMMON.

If the North Roscommon election has not the significance of the Clare election of 1828, it is accompanied by circumstances which lend it a quite exceptional interest. It is to Ireland a political portent of the first magnitude, heralding the arrival of a new party about whose origin and development there is no doubt, but whose methods and ultimate aims are still obscure. When the Sinn Fein policy was formulated in 1905, its adherents took up an entirely constitutional position, separatist neither in fact nor in intention. Flood and Fox sponsored it. Grattan or Plunkett would now approve of it. It was based on the Renunciation Act of 1783, which enacted: "That the right claimed by the people of Ireland to be bound only by laws enacted by His Majesty and the Parliament of that kingdom is hereby declared to be established and ascertained for ever, and shall at no time hereafter be questioned or questionable." They recognized no legal or moral authority in the British Parliament to legislate for Ireland, and accordingly their policy involved the withdrawal of the Irish members from Westminster, and the formation in Ireland of a voluntary legislature invested with the moral authority of its representative character. They relied on the County Councils to support the voluntary legislature, and

especially upon the General Council of County Councils, which at that time was regarded as a favorable seeding-ground for the new idea. The programme of Sinn Fein failed to attract the support of the country. The Liberals had come into office, and it was felt that the Nationalist Party should be allowed an unobstructed course to terminate the Home Rule struggle. And so the attempt failed to replace the Nationalist member for North Leitrim by a representative of the new policy, and other members of the party who showed an inclination to coquet with Sinn Fein cooled their new-born flame. The Liberals brought disillusion, and the prestige of the Irish Party began to sink. The party was regarded as inactive, compromising, and dependent. The Irish Council Bill, the Home Rule Bill which abandoned to Westminster the right of concurrent legislation and taxation, the Home Rule Act, with the accompanying menace of an eviscerating Amending Bill, finally the acceptance by the Irish Party of the partition proposals, were all stages in this way of disillusion. Nationalists, loyal to the constitutional movement, withdrew their support. Finally, the active or passive encouragement of the Ulster Volunteer Movement by the two great English parties drove the younger, more energetic, and more idealistic to establish the Irish Volunteers, hardened them into despair of constitutional methods, and swept them in the end into open rebellion.

In the confusion which followed the events of Easter, the Parliamentary Party did little to rehabilitate itself. It remained inactive and compromised. But more efficacious than this inaction in spreading the Sinn Fein idea was the action of the authorities. The arrest of innocent men through the country, their harsh treatment, and the internment of untried prisoners, left no corner of the country unsearched by a flame of sympathy and indignation. The deported prisoners coming from every province in Ireland were congregated in Frongoch and Reading. They lived on prison fare and Sinn Fein doctrine; they disciplined themselves under self-chosen leaders, and when they were thoroughly indoctrinated in the new evangel they were released and sent back, its active embodiment, to every Irish town and townland.

The cumulative effect of all this was to elect Count Plunkett in absolute majority over his two rivals. He had, in the days of the Parnellite split, fought elections in the Parnellite interest, but his natural bent is not towards politics. He is better known in literary, artistic, and antiquarian circles, and if he was generally known at all in this rural constituency before Easter, it was as Director of the National Museum at Dublin, which thrrove abundantly under his hands.* No doubt the emotional appeal made by the father of one of the executed leaders of the rebellion and of two convicted rebels, actually in penal servitude, was considerable; the action of the Royal Dublin Society which expelled him from its membership a fortnight before the election was another electoral asset, and his own imprisonment and deportation without trial won additional sympathy. But not all these factors suffice to explain the overwhelming defeat of an excellent local candidate, chosen by the party convention, and supported by all the resources of the party machine. It was not these things alone that sent old men of eighty through deep snowdrifts to the booths. Under like circumstances

* He was dismissed from this post after Easter without explanation or an opportunity for defence being given him. He is a member of the Academy of St. Luke and of the Virtuosi al Pantheon, of the Fine Arts in Florence, of the Danish Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, of the Societe de l'Art Francais, and of the Societe Philologique, and was for four years President of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, Ireland. He is an expelled member of the Royal Dublin Society. His title is a Papal one.

they would have returned a *hurley* decked with the Sinn Fein colors. The vote must be taken as a definite act of unfaith in the present Parliamentary methods and of belief in the Sinn Fein leaders.

What is the programme of these leaders? Ill-defined as it is, the only way to ascertain its drift is by examining the two organized groups which supported Count Plunkett's candidature, and worked in apparent harmony during the brief election campaign. With the Sinn Fein Party was associated the Nation League—the derided League of the Seven Attorneys—which had its birth in the inveterate hostility of Co. Tyrone to the proposals for the partition of Ulster. Starting with a mixed company and a rather amorphous policy, but united in hostility to any suggestion of partition and to the parties that supported it, it has gathered strength and confidence in adopting the status of a dominion for Ireland as the goal towards which its energies are directed, and testing the Home Rule Act by this criterion. The Nation League's point of contact with Sinn Fein, other than mere antagonism to the Irish Party, is apparently a common view-point in regard to steps to be taken at the close of the war. Sinn Fein, moderate and extreme, is alike determined in one way or another to have the Irish question raised at a European Conference. It includes men released from Reading Gaol who had no share in the rebellion, of whom Mr. Arthur Griffith, the founder of the movement, is the chief. His conception of Sinn Fein was in essence constitutional, and he was in the election by right of logic.

But there is little doubt that Count Plunkett's candidature had the sympathy of others who were less constitutional. Count Plunkett does not intend, so far as one can learn, to enter Parliament. It is understood that he does not propose to be sworn in, a decision which will possibly raise an interesting constitutional question with certain analogies in the earlier cases of O'Connell and Mitchell. His party puts its trust, so far as it reckons on anything outside the four seas of Ireland, in the general European settlement. They submit that the case of Ireland is matter for a European Conference no less than the Polish question, a fantastic dream, one would say, if we did not live in days when

"Das Unzulängliche
Hier wird Ereignis
Das Unbeschreibliche
Hier ist es gethan."

It has always been cardinal to Sinn Fein policy to ignore Westminster, and to seek elsewhere an effective control of Irish affairs. To those who believe in this policy, it would be illogical to approach the coming Imperial Conference, where India and not Ireland is represented. It is natural to suppose that the Irish question will be discussed there. Decisions must be taken at that conference which tend towards a Federal Commonwealth, and the status and relation with Westminster of every dominion and dependency must be reviewed. A country whose elected representatives have always protested against the Act of Union, and which has gone into open rebellion four times since the passing of that Act little more than one hundred years ago, can hardly be regarded as, in any real sense, an integral portion of the United Kingdom. But the Irish Party has not obtained, nor does it propose to obtain, representation at the conference. It is none the less the duty of the Imperial Conference to cut the ground from under the feet of the new extremists before that area coincides with the soil of Ireland, lest in future the international relations of Ireland and England be fought with unexampled intensity and with complicated reactions in Australia and elsewhere. If the Home Rule Act be

enlarged and the position of Ireland be raised to the status of a dominion, whether in view or not of subsequent Imperial federation, the Sinn Fein peril will disappear. With it also will vanish in very great measure the hostility of many Unionists, who entertain a proper contempt for the existing Home Rule Act. To reject the status of a dominion is a very different proposition from rejecting the actual Home Rule Act, and to enter a federal system on the same footing as Canada and Australia has always had the support of influential Unionists.

MICHAEL GAHAN.

A London Diary

LONDON, FRIDAY.

FEW events of the war have been more dumbounding than the publication of the French interview or interviews with Sir Douglas Haig. London was utterly astonished, and less astonished than grieved. Something, I suppose, must be set down to French journalism, and to the eccentric choice of such a paper as the "Journal" for the confidences of a British General. Even so, men found it hard to read in these indiscretions the prudent and reserved habit of the Commander-in-Chief. The annihilation of a nation of more than fifty million men—"Germany must for ever be broken up"—this is not soldiers' language, least of all the language of a soldier debating the issue of a battle that he has not fought. But even should a soldier, like another man, find himself in the journalist's trap, was there no politician to help him out? Sir Douglas Haig said some things which are common property, or at least clear to fairly trained observation. The object of saying others remains in an obscurity to which there seems no kind of cheerful exit.

THE House of Commons, which was "informed" by one member of the Northcliffe Press that the Prime Minister proposed to absent himself from its opening councils, is now, I see, warned by another to abstain from criticism of that Imperial gesture. The "Daily Mail" will not "hesitate" to "name" an "Opposition of talkers" guilty of various unstated crimes of "commission and omission." Exposure by the "Daily Mail" may seem a kind of canonization; but Mr. George's case is not mended by such advocacy, and it is a sign of grace that he has begun to make excuses for it. They are not indeed the real ones. The insulting *communiqué* in the "Times" predicted a general abstention from the debates on the Address. Mr. George's apology indicated that on one afternoon of those discussions he was engaged in dealing with the submarine menace. On that there are two remarks to make. The first is that he should have thought of that before when his own policy of distant expeditions was putting excessive strain on our transport. The second is that he had better leave Sir John Jellicoe to deal with submarines, and look to his own job of statesmanship.

BUT the really cheerful sign of the times is that this no-Parliamentarism is breaking down. Mr. George hastens to announce that he will speak on the Irish debate. His "sentinel" says that if the new system of Government is questioned, the Prime Minister will come down to the House to defend it. The Secretarship of the Treasury is to be restored to the House of Commons. The sentinel, summoned from

his box to explain the "pooling" of Ministerial salaries, the reckless multiplication of officials, the creation of Ministers without portfolios (and therefore without assigned duties) when there were plenty of sinecure offices to which they might have been attached, and the lumping together of the cost of the "Secretariat" in an enormous Vote of Credit, has to explain, apologize, hint at a Vote of Confidence and promptly withdraw his hint, and generally exhibit a chastened and edifying Parliamentary spirit. All this is excellent instruction in the A B C of government. And it is as popular as it is necessary.

UNDER what reign of law or liberty do we really live? I see that farmers are now to be allowed to kill pheasants during the close season. Personally, I should like to see the last pheasant strut across the last park of that eminent agriculturist, Sir Alfred Mond. But the killing of game after the first of this month is against the law. That, I suppose, is no obstacle to a Minister who told the House that he had been "advised," that under the Defence of the Realm Act, the Food Controller could override this, or, I suppose, any other law he liked. He has been "advised!" Who "advised" him? Is there a removable law, like an Irish removable magistrate? If an Order of Council can make an Act of Parliament of no avail, and under cover of defending the realm against invasion, allow the illegal shooting of birds, what is the use of Acts of Parliament at all? Or turn from birds to men. The new scheme of "National Service" is voluntary. But I see that the "terms and conditions" prescribe that any question arising as to their interpretation is to be decided by a "Commissioner or other person authorized to act by the Director-General." Who are these gentlemen? The Tribunals who dispose of our conscripts are nominally at least neighbors and friends of the men who come before them. A magistrate is a statutory official. But these "Commissioners" who can move citizens about as pawns are moved at chess, belong neither to one class nor to the other. I hear of Tribunals which are much disturbed by this new machinery of officialism; and so, I imagine, are the national servants.

I SUPPOSE our statesmen have read the writing on the wall, which is the Roscommon election. Its meaning, as interpreted to me, is that unless England resets her Irish policy, she will soon have to deal with a new demand from a new Nationalist Ireland. It is not at all too late to act, for the policy of Parliamentary abstention which Sinn Fein favors has not yet been popularized in Ireland, and never may be. But the movement has gone a long way. It consists of the Sinn Fein Moderates and Extremists, the Nation League—whose real birth I witnessed at Belfast and who fight desperately against partition—and the unattached Constitutionalists. When these forces combine, as they have combined at Roscommon, they expect to defeat the Parliamentary Party's candidate at any Irish election in the near future. But they are not absolutely united. Sinn Fein is divided into Constitutionalists and Revolutionists, the latter of which are still under the control of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and are therefore a dangerous and secret organization. The Nation League, again, does not favor complete absenteeism from Westminster, and proposes instead a delegation from its supreme council to go over to London, and be withdrawn at will. The Constitutional malcontents would continue the Parliamentary connection, but want a new party. All, however, unite on the idea of raising the Irish question at a

European Conference, and of treating Ireland as a Dominion rather than as a dependent State, with a subordinate Parliament in Dublin. This is the idea which is beginning to sweep Nationalist Ireland. It is the old story; England palters and falters, and Ireland's price goes up.

A FRIEND sends me some interesting notes about the Rossendale election. "Do not," he writes, "under-estimate or misinterpret it. Under the circumstances it was very significant. Maden was a first-rate candidate, personally pleasant, backed by the two caucuses and the official Labor Party, well known and popular in the district as an ex-M.P. Taylor was a 'C.O.,' an extreme Socialist, and declared to be 'an atheist.' He was a forced absentee from the election. His programme and that of his supporters was not a vague aspiration for peace, but a definite policy of immediate negotiation. It was urged in spite of the bad German situation, which makes you in London think that all talk of peace is futile. The line taken was also one of peace without conquest or annexation; and the Government was explicitly attacked for its refusal to make any response to the German tender of December 12th, as well as for its supposed tendency to make a settlement without consulting the people. On this policy one out of every four voters (or 23 per cent. to be more exact) went against the Government. What do you in London think of it?"

PUBLIC life knew no simpler, more direct character than the Duke of Norfolk. I suppose that everybody who worked with him came to like him, not only for his excellent power and habit of application to the innumerable tasks he laid on himself, but for the entirely unpretending way in which he performed them. It was strange that this democratic Duke, with his downright sailor's look and rolling gait, should have been a high Tory, and a pity that his money and dignities and associations kept him so. But he contrived to shed some of these embarrassments, and to keep others in service to the essential goodness and nobility of his nature.

MR. GODFREY LOCKER LAMPSON is so kind as to send me a copy of his "Soldiers' Book of Love Poems," and to explain that he compiled it because, while spending the Christmas before last in a fire-trench near Neuve Chapelle, he was interested to see two of his brother-officers reading books of verse amid the shell-fire, and had since been struck with the number of our soldiers in France who took an interest in poetry. Hence this anthology, chosen during leisure moments at the Front, and made up with the special purpose of giving its readers the best in English lyrical poetry. What that best is I need not say to any man or woman who has steeped his soul in immortal loveliness. I will not criticize Mr. Lampson's beautiful idea further than to say that his ensuing choice seems to me to have been almost perfect, and I should personally like to send a score of copies (the price of the book is 2s. 6d.) to the Front. Perhaps some of my readers might like to join in some such gift. The publisher is Arthur Humphreys, 187, Piccadilly.

NICKNAMES are as much in fashion as ever in the conversational interchanges of the House of Commons. I hear that our absentee Prime Minister is now known among his fellow-members—who, of course, include both his fellow-Ministers and his sub-fellow-Ministers—as the Hidden Hand.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE TROJAN WAR AND CONSTANTINOPLE.

DR. WALTER LEAF some years ago put forward the theory that the purpose of the Trojan War was the command of the Dardanelles and Hellespont; and to-day, in view of our ill-fated expedition to Gallipoli and the growing desire of Russia for Constantinople, this theory has a peculiar interest.

The contacts of nation with nation—entailing some resultant benefits in the way of exchange and intercourse, and some resultant calamities in the way of wars—date pretty clearly from the influence of Trade. So we find to-day; and so no doubt it has been from the beginning. The old-time caravans of traders who took their goods across the mountains or the marshes or the seas or the desert sands, to some other country or province whose products they brought back in return, mark a kind of first step in the Internationalization of the world. From that first step the evolutionary process has proceeded with a certain logical necessity.

The second step has always and everywhere been the formation of bands of robbers who plundered the caravans. And the third step has equally inevitably been the ascendancy of one robber-gang, which, beating the other gangs off the route, constituted itself patron and protector of the trade—of course, on condition of the payment by the latter of a regular tax or blackmail. The head of the successful gang then became a robber-baron. He built himself a Castle, within whose precincts his armed retainers dwelt; he suppressed outside violence, and he allowed the peaceable traders to hold their Market in the fields at the castle-foot, where convoys from different quarters could meet and exchange goods in safety undisturbed. The castle contained a treasury for the accumulation of gold and silver, a court-yard, an audience hall, a prison, and so forth; and so the baron became not only tax-collector, but banker, judge, and self-appointed ruler of the people. Thus we see the beginnings of the Feudal era, and the commercial stage which followed.

What has this to do with Troy? Simply that Troy was such a castle, built to command and regulate trade. We must remember that the archaeologists agree that there have been about nine successive Troys on the same spot. Of these the Troy of the Trojan War is generally accounted the *sixth*. It endured, roughly speaking, from 1500 to 1000 B.C., or about 500 years. Now, what must one conclude from this? Two things. First, that the site must have been a very important one to have been held so persistently, from perhaps 3000 B.C. (the first city) down to Roman times (the ninth); secondly, that the same site must have been the scene of endless wars—for city after city to have been thus destroyed upon it.

But where exactly is the site of Troy? It is only some four or five miles from Kum Kale, which—as all modern readers know—is at the very mouth of the Dardanelles, just where the Mendereh river (formerly the Scamander) runs into the Straits. And it (Troy) is the first bit of rising ground inland suitable for a fort which you meet with over those few miles of rather marshy plain from the sea; and is, moreover, protected to some degree by the old Scamander flowing on one side of it (south-west) and the Simois on the other (north).

And why was this site chosen? The answer is:— "Because it is the natural meeting-place for the traffic of the Black Sea with that of the Ægean. The Black

Sea traffic was very important in Greek days, as indeed it is now. The great wheatfields of the south of Russia were an important source of supply for historic Greece; then there were the ores, gold, silver, and iron, all along the south shore of the Euxine; and here was the natural place for all this to be dealt in by the Greeks, so long as the Greeks could not get up the Hellespont.* We gather in fact that there existed from quite early times two great traffic routes between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean—one by water down the Straits, mainly concerned with wheat from the northern shores of the Euxine; and one by land—but partly perhaps by water—running parallel to the Straits, and mainly concerned with the valuable ores of the southern shores. The market where these products could be exchanged for goods coming from the Mediterranean side was under the walls of Troy. The Trojan lords could regulate the traffic—and they could regulate not only that which came by land, but also that which came by water. For their castle was only some four miles from the mouth of the Straits, and ships could not well pass up and down without being subject to blackmail; and anyhow the plain of Troy was a natural and convenient place for exchange. So the market there became an institution; and its lords a powerful people.

But there came a time when the growing energy and enterprise of the Achæan tribes revolted against this subjection to Trojan lords. Why should not the Greek ships themselves penetrate the Straits, and passing into the Euxine, knit up a trade direct with the Russian peoples, without paying a tax to outsiders?—There were two obstacles. One was the difficulty of navigating the Dardanelles—upstream, and often against a head wind—in small sailing vessels. Not till the Greeks had much improved their navigation could they venture this. The other was the determined opposition of the Trojan barons. Not till the Greeks felt themselves strong enough in the arts of war could they risk an attack on these latter; but when they did, then the Trojan wars began.

How long these wars lasted, no one probably knows—nor who in the various cases were the assailants, whether always Greeks, or what tribes of Greeks. What does appear is, as I have said, that for many hundreds of years tribal wars must have raged around this spot; that they were so serious that, time after time, the Trojan fastness was razed to the ground; and so furious that the memory of them graved itself deep in the mind of the generations.

How can this theory be reconciled with the long-accepted story of Helen? Perhaps there is no need to reconcile it. It would be a doubtful compliment to Helen to suppose that for many *centuries* she was the cause of strife between the two peoples. And what we have to explain is not a ten-year episode, which may or may not have a framework of actual truth, but rather the evident fact that for at least a thousand years, Troy was a great battle-ground between the East and the West. And at present the only feasible explanation of that seems to be the connection of Troy with the great trade-route between the Mediterranean and the Euxine.

And now it is the same great trade-route which is one of the causes of the present war, and the possession or command of which, unfortunately, threatens more and worse wars for the future—the only difference being that the centre of interest now lies at the other end of the water-way—at Constantinople, instead of Troy. It is, indeed, appalling to think that for some 4,000 years humanity has continued to fight, with armies and engines of ever-growing magnitude and destructiveness, over a

matter which might, with a little good sense, be so easily settled—and settled with real gain instead of loss to all parties concerned. The trouble is: Where is the good sense? During the whole of last century, Britain threw all her weight and spent lavishly of her blood and treasure to prevent Russia gaining an outlet through the Straits. The Greek War of Independence in 1821 excited the sympathy of nearly all Europe; but the Duke of Wellington feared Russia, and did not approve of "independence" in a small nation, so Britain stood aside and favored Turkey. The same policy led to the Crimean War, and again to our interference between Russia and Turkey in the war of 1877. It also led to endless loans to bolster up the Sultan's finances. To-day we have executed a *volte face*, and are apparently consenting to an occupation of Constantinople by the Muscovite. So much for the "policy" of the diplomatic people. But how about their good sense?

Is it not clear—with the experience of forty centuries behind us in the matter of the Straits—that the only sensible policy is that *no* nation or people should have the power or the right to control the trade moving up and down them; that the Straits, in fact, should be internationalized? No forts or armaments would then be allowed on their shores. The whole would be under an International Commission. Is it not clear that the same ought to apply to the other great water-ways of the world?

There is a widespread delusion (arising out of the very common mania of "possession") that a country, by controlling or strangling the trade entering or leaving its ports, can increase its own riches and diminish the wealth of its neighbors. What it really does is to increase the wealth of those few among its own people who are concerned in the strangling process, and to impoverish the many. As in the case of Troy, it means a system of blackmail, which benefits the commercial barons only, and cripples the real traders and producers. When the masses of the people come to see this, they will surely have the good sense to insist on freedom of the great trade-routes all over the earth—whether by land or by water.

EDWARD CARPENTER.

AT BAAL'S ALTAR.

"NEITHER party expected for the war," wrote Lincoln in the second Inaugural, "the magnitude or duration which it has already attained. Each looked for an easier triumph and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible and prayed to the same God: and each invoked His aid against the other." "Let us judge not," he adds, "that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully." The spectacle of such confidence in invocation is not confined to the American Civil War. "Wilt not Thou, O Lord, go before our hosts?" has been the prayer of the unending civil wars of a divided Christendom through centuries of irrational destruction. The cynic sees in such troubling with deep prayer of a deaf heaven nothing but a study in human self-deception. But to any kindly observer of the ways of men, the subject is of mingled laughter and tears; as he looks on man caring so desperately for the triumph of a cause as to be dissatisfied with anything short of the calling down of the wrath of God against the enemies of his people.

A book has been published on the spirit of new Germanism which exhibits, perhaps in its most extreme

* See report of a lecture given by Dr. Leaf in April, 1910 ("Proceedings of the Hellenic Travellers' Club"—1910).

form, the influence of war catastrophe upon literary and religious minds in a sedentary, civilized age. The title, "Hurrah and Hallelujah," by "Bang" (Hodder & Stoughton) suggests the sudden explosion of a trench mortar. As a matter of fact, the "Hurrah and Hallelujah" is copied from the title of a book of German poetry, written and published under the intoxicating effect of the German triumph in the first few months of the war, and the "Bang" is the name of a professor of dogmatic theology, author of many works of international reputation, in the University of Copenhagen. He has gathered here together a set of extracts from poets, professors, and preachers, which seem to the reader almost incredible in their naïve expression of emotion. These invocations, execrations, and outbreaks of heathen triumph take one back to a condition of affairs remote indeed from the present war-weariness and despair of a Europe sick of slaughter. But they are interesting as affording permanent evidence of what the mind of at least one great nation thought when it seemed to be carrying all before it by its own might and the assistance of its god of battle. It is indeed hard to realize to-day the complete conviction in those days of ignorance by the intellectual leaders of the German people, that Germany, a land desiring above all things peace, had been compassed about by malignant enemies, each intent upon its destruction, each representing a lower type of civilization, and each standing for, as one preacher declares, "at best the service of Satan, the father of lies." It is difficult also to understand the reaction produced by the sudden triumphs in war, unparalleled since the days of the First Republic; the fall of Liège, Namur, Brussels, the sweeping forward to the gates of Paris, the great French defeat in Lorraine, the annihilation of the Russian invader at Tannenberg. Small wonder that under the influence of these two emotions, a popular feeling finds outlet in such hurrahs and hallelujahs as are recorded in this volume, which seem in the cold light of the day, almost like the output of men mentally diseased.

They call continually on a German god, "not the national God," as one German theological professor writes, "such as the lower nations worship, but our God who is not ashamed of belonging to us, the peculiar acquirement of our heart." They compare the treatment of Germany to the treatment of Jesus Christ, and England's entry into the war to Judas selling his Master for thirty pieces of silver. They describe their German Christianity (they are all Protestant pastors and professors) as "the most perfect and the most pure," and assert that, "of all the nations, the Germans are the very nearest to God." They describe Germany as "a nation which is God's seed-corn for the future," and assert that their soldiers should all die happy "in the consciousness of having defended God against the world." "The German soul is the world's soul," cries one eloquent voice, "and God and Germany belong to one another." "Let Bismarck's faith prevail within us," is the aspiration, "that God has taken the German nation under His special care." With all this belief in their mission, "they are hourly condemned and abused by their adversaries," and every now and then, in a rather pathetic fashion, they remember that insolence and hatred are condemned by the religion which they profess. "Do we hate the French President?" cries one, "or the English King? No, not even Sir Grey. No, we hate no single individual; we hate the infamy and baseness which come to light in them, and verily, in the name of Jesus Christ, their hatred is justified." It is a nice distinction which carries them through some difficult ethical problems. Hating, therefore, only the "baseness in them," they denounce the

"vain politicians of the Seine," and "the great spider, England, which at once cut the wires that connected us with the world, and is now able to spin the non-German world into its web of lies." They hail Germany as "the chosen generation, the royal priesthood, the holy nation, the peculiar people." They pray to the God who dwelleth above the Cherubim and Seraphim and Zeppelins. They hail the direct interposition of Providence in all their successes. "When our submarine," one cries, "in spite of almost overwhelming superiority of force, sends three English cruisers to the bottom without suffering any hurt itself, this heroic deed, unparalleled in naval history, is for Christian people a testimony from the Lord on high. 'I am with you, do ye see it.'"

Not a few of these have dignity. Some of them call on Germany for repentance and a changed way of life. Others are able to appeal to the God of Battles in the spirit of the old Puritans, or even of the Hebrew Prophets. Others, however, produce a mere froth of truculence and abuse; such as the utterances of Dean Tolzien of Schwerin: "When that English gentleman, Minister Grey, who has a cancerous tumor in place of a heart, in the end has to reap the infamy he deserves, he will promptly cast it from him as dirt with his horse hoof." Generally, the impression is of minds unbalanced in face of the upheaval of reality, but always expressing the spirit of a nation drilled and educated into the belief that its "Kultur" is superior to all others, that all others are envious of it, and that its mission is to produce a German world. "Oh, that the German God," they cry, "may permeate the world. Oh, that eternal victory may blossom before the God of the German soul."

Yet despite this appearance of hysteria, and even of insanity, the ultimate impression is less of contempt than of pity. For although there is arrogance and insolence and blindness, there is a conspicuous sincerity. And sincerity, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. These professors and preachers are appealing to a tribal god, the "German god" whom they continually compare to the God of the Hebrews. We also have appealed continually to a tribal god, whether in the majesty of the prose of a Milton or the inanities and vulgarities of a Rudyard Kipling or a Bishop of London. And this appeal to a tribal God has produced in the past some of the most enduring of all literature—a "human cry" which has survived the centuries. "The God of Jacob is our refuge. Therefore will we not fear though the earth be removed" is transferred from Palestine to Prussia. Inventions and sciences and organized States develop. But with the primitive upheaval of war, human nature reels back upon primitive sustains. All the "rational" ideals of civilization slip away: and the doctors of science, with the world's learning on their tongue's tip, fall in face of death and the menace of destruction, into the same petition as those who developed the same belief in a particular favoring Providence beneath a hard Arabian moon and alien stars. Perhaps a people is more capable of endurance with confidence in a tribal God than with no belief in any God at all. Much of the quotation in "Hurrah and Hallelujah" reads extraordinarily like the historic scene on Mount Carmel. The prophets of Baal are crying upon their deity "from morning even until noon," calling and cutting themselves with knives and lancets. They leap upon the altar they have made. "But there was neither voice nor any that regarded." And the comment, as one reads these furious imprecations, is inevitable: "Call him louder; for he is a god. Either he is talking, or he is

pursuing, or he is on a journey; or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awakened." The challenge over all this scene of futile endeavor remains to-day as yesterday. "The Lord who by fire shall answer let him be God." But one may respect at least the devotion of these worshippers to their Deity, their belief in his vindication, their sinking of self in an ideal which, however limited, transcends the individual. Beyond, as a great crowd of spectators, are those who are witnessing the ordeal, answering never a word to Elijah's challenge, but prepared to accept Success as the only proof of Righteousness. The Baal worshippers fail, and are slain at the Brook of Kishon by the very people who would have acclaimed them had they been victorious. And those who thus struggled and failed present a more reputable picture than the crowd who looked on, believing in nothing, appealing to nothing, but willing to accept either combatant as God-inspired, if vindicated by the sole test of transitory triumph. There are millions to-day in all nations who would repudiate Liberty and Democracy if Prussianism proved triumphant in war, and who would regard Cato's defiant applause of the vanquished against the wrath of the gods as the ultimate word in human folly.

Letters to the Editor.

THE TCHECHO-SLOVAKS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your comment to my letter about the Tchecho-Slovaks you refer to Mr. Seton-Watson's book, "Racial Problems in Hungary," but this work explains the Tchecho-Slovak so-called language question only as it developed until 1850. Since then the situation has changed, and the young generation of Slovaks has overcome this question. The fact that the Slovaks accept the political programme of the Tchechs eliminates *co ipso* every possibility of a Slovak question in the restituted Kingdom of Bohemia.

The Tchech scholastic movement cannot be called modern, as it had already started at the end of the eighteenth century. It seems to me that the whole question of schools is not a question of wealth, but of right. Regarding the university grievance, the correct general comparison would be: Twelve millions of Germans in Austria-Hungary have five universities; while twenty-four millions of Slavs (Tchecho-Slovaks, Poles, Ruthenes, and Southern Slavs) have only four universities. The Ruthenian University you mention does not exist.

As to the question whether the discontent in Bohemia could be allayed by a full autonomy in the framework of Austria, I point out this: The realization of the Central European Union, which is a matter of vital importance for Germany's future destinies, involves a forcible subjugation or centralization of the Austrian Slavs, whose irredentist aspirations are a grave menace to her plans. The Austrian Germans and Magyars are all in favor of this close economic and military union, for they realize that this union, besides preventing the dismemberment of the Dual Monarchy, would maintain their hegemony over the non-German and non-Magyar population. Owing to her financial and economic penetration, Germany is the real master of Austria-Hungary to-day. To use Mr. Henderson's expression: "If she has failed to conquer her enemies, she has, at any rate, conquered her allies." She will therefore never allow that Austria should be controlled by the Slav majority, and that Bohemia, the advanced western fortress of the Slavs, "which cuts the vital artery between Berlin and Vienna," should become free. It is the German minority in Bohemia who refuse to accept autonomy. They want centralization, in other words, Pan-Germanic Central Europe. But Bohemia, which is really the key to the Austrian situation according to Professor Masaryk, "will never accept the ideal of Prussia and Germany, which would enslave the world by military drill and

Machiavellian misuse of science and culture." The unrest in Bohemia has, therefore, deeper roots than the local racial disputes between the Tchech majority and the big German minority. (We must not forget that behind the German minority stands Germany and Pan-Germanism.) Anybody who has studied the history of Bohemia through the Hussite wars and the reformatory movement up to the present political situation, must recognize that this unrest is nothing else but a logical outcome of the old religious struggles for independence or freedom of conscience, as John Hus called it, which in modern times has assumed a national character. The religious ideal has simply changed into a national ideal, and the name of the enemy instead of *Rome and Habsburgs* into *Berlin and Habsburgs*. But the prize for which the Tchech nation is fighting remains the same, as in the past days—freedom, right, and justice.

It would be a mistake to think that the former German majority in the Reichsrat disappeared. It still exists. The Germans have seventy deputies more than they are entitled to. The whole trouble lies not only in the control of the Reichsrat, but also of the Army, which is under the personal command of the Emperor, as well as in the general idea of administration, whose very motto—"Divide et Impera"—is the embodiment of injustice and reaction.—Yours, &c.,

J. FORMAN.

Czech Press Bureau, 231, Strand, W.C.

February 14th, 1917.

A VICTORIOUS PEACE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The war is now reaching a stage in which the possession of a good dictionary would seem to be of vital importance. Mr. Asquith, in his Ladybank speech of February 1st, made a proposition in which clearly only a verbal definition is involved. He defined a "victorious peace" as "one which has in it the prospect of endurance, because it will conform not only to the best interest, but to the social and moral necessities of corporate mankind." This is Mr. Wilson's definition of "Peace without victory," i.e., "a peace that will win the approval of mankind, not merely a peace that will serve the several interests and immediate aims of the nations concerned. . . . Mere agreements will not make peace secure." He goes on to say that the statesmen of both belligerent nations have said frankly that it was no part of their purpose to crush their antagonists. The implications which Mr. Wilson sees in these assurances are that the peace must be a "peace without victory." "Only a peace between equals can last—only a peace the very principle of which is equality and a common participation in a common benefit." Also, he is careful to insist that by equality he means only equality of rights, not equality of territory or resources, which has been the equality sought for by the policy of the Balance of Power.

Can it be that the objection raised generally to Mr. Wilson's phrase, "peace without victory," is no more than a verbal objection? If this is so, and Mr. Asquith's definition of what is seen to be Mr. Wilson's ideal as "a victorious peace" shows the objection to be no more than this, is it necessary for us to use other instruments than our tongues and pens "to make it clear to the neutral world why we can be content with nothing less than a victorious peace"? The dispute as to whether the ideal common to Mr. Asquith and Mr. Wilson ought to be labelled "a victorious peace" or "a peace without victory" may surely be left to lexicographers and editors of newspapers—and its settlement one way or the other is hardly important enough to justify the continuance of a war which, to quote Mr. Asquith again, "is costing us, measured in money alone, the best part of six millions a day, and is, like a blind fury, mowing down what is best and most bright with promise of flower or of fruit in our youth and our manhood."—Yours, &c.,

IRENE COOPER WILLIS.

99, Shooter's Hill Road, Blackheath, S.E.

WHAT ABOUT THE LAITY?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I gratefully recognize the fairness of Mr. Rhondda Williams when, as I understand him, he asks me to occupy his pulpit. If a date be arranged, I should fulfil the engage-

ment in no contentious spirit, but with a full recognition of the privilege. At the same time, it is a fact that pulpits are mainly, if not exclusively, the monopoly of the ministry, and that, as a result of this arrangement, many non-ministerial means of worship are rapidly developing.

I am asked to reconcile specific "discrepancies." Perhaps I may say that I have just revised for publication a long series of articles on "The Christ We Forget," which have appeared in "The Christian." Will Mr. Rhondda Williams glance through the book, when it appears, and tell us how far, if at all, it meets his points?

In the meantime, I cannot put into a letter that whole conception of life, here and hereafter, which occupies 750 closely-printed double-columns of the Bible. But, specifically challenged, I will suggest certain hints as to replies, as follows:—

(1) Paul's view that we should obey the State is my view also. The view in the Apocalypse, that States are often instruments of iniquity, is also my view. What we have here is, simply, a profound reverence for authority, conditioned, as it should be, by the right of revolution.

(2) I do not understand why I am to choose between the Gospels and Deuteronomy, when it is upon textual quotations from Deuteronomy that our Savior relied in His supreme struggle against the Devil in the wilderness. My view of Deuteronomy—I would add Numbers—is simply His. As He spoke of the manna, the serpent, and the commandments, so do I believe.

(3) My view of Joshua's God is simply the view of Joshua's God held by the writer of the Johannine epistles, and endorsed, by the way, expressly in "The Hebrews."

(4) Nor do I appreciate the remark about "The Hebrews" and Leviticus. The one book is the child of the other. But for Leviticus, the Hebrews would never have come into being. Each volume is essential to an understanding of the other. We have, in these books, the supreme instance of symbol and truth, indissolubly wedded.

(5) Suppose I surrender the imprecatory Psalms! How does that help me? The Savior who uttered the prayer for forgiveness, when He was crucified, was the same Person who uttered imprecations infinitely more terrible than any in the Psalms. His curses were the very ultimate judgments against the wicked.

(6) Our Lord, so far from leaving us without detailed guidance for the war, foretold it. He stated expressly that He came not to send peace, but a sword. Wars and rumors of wars, with infinite sorrows, made up His forecast of human history, till He returns, in the clouds, to reign. He did not once condemn the calling of a soldier.

Let Mr. Rhondda Williams believe me when I assure him that I intend no disrespect when I say that his handling of these matters is lacking in seriousness. Burn the Bible—burn every copy—and you are still faced by the fundamental mystery of God, if there be a God, and of Life, if Life be not a mere delusion, of whatever, other than Life, I am.

God is love; but God is wrath. God is a Good Shepherd; but God is Lord of Hosts. The Savior tenderly gathers children; the Savior consigns to the uttermost depths of perdition those who maltreat children.

In our own hearts, we know how love and wrath are twin impulses. To eliminate this discrepancy, you have not only to vivisect the Almighty, you have to obliterate Creation. And the missing factor which reconciles all is Justice—as our Savior sternly puts it—"to the uttermost farthing." Justice you must have, one way or the other, either by love or by wrath, either by redemption or by retribution, either by grace or by law, either by treaties in Europe or by wars in Europe. And that is the reason why the same Lord who spoke of the worm that dieth not, even in the fire that is not quenched—Himself suffered once for the sins of the world. It was Atonement.—Yours, &c.,

P. W. WILSON.

The Red Gable, Meadoway, Hendon.

THE FIGHT FOR RIGHT MOVEMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—Your past kindness encourages the promoters of the "Fight for Right Movement" to hope that you will allow them to make known to your readers the arrangements for their forthcoming London meetings.

Six lectures, with appropriate music, will be given at the Aeolian Hall, on Sundays, at 3.15, beginning on February 18th. The lecturers will be M. Emile Cammaerts (chairman, the Right Hon. the Speaker); Sir Henry Newbolt (chairman, Sir Frederick Pollock); Professor Gilbert Murray (chairman, the Poet Laureate); Mr. Clutton Brock (chairman, Mr. H. B. Irving); Mr. Richard Bagot, who will speak on Italy and the War, and Sir A. Quiller-Couch (chairman, Sir J. Forbes Robertson). Amongst the singers will be Mr. Gervase Elwes and Madame Gleeson White. Admission to the hall is free. Reserved seats, 2s. 8d.

The object of these meetings is both practical and ideal. They are intended to bring those who are present into contact with minds which can give them the steadfast outlook and reasoned faith that issue in patience, fortitude, and self-sacrifice: reaffirming essential truths easily obscured by the crowded incidents and arguments amongst which we live.

Temptations to despondency, impatience, unreasoning violence, personal or vicarious selfishness, are waiting for all of us in the weeks that lie ahead. Those who arm their fellow citizens against these demons are truly producing munitions of war.

Further, we seek through these meetings to obtain support for a propaganda still needed in many industrial centres; and which will be needed yet more urgently as the crisis of the war approaches, and its demands on the civilian population increase.—Yours, &c.,

EVELYN UNDERHILL
(Member of Executive).

Cunard House, 29, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.
February 10th, 1917.

[In the review of Mr. Montagu-Nathan's "Introduction to Russian Music" which we published on January 27th, we stated that the book is published by Messrs. Constable. It is, in fact, published by Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Haywood. The other books mentioned in the same notice are issued by Messrs. Constable.—ED., THE NATION.]

Poetry.

SARI BAIR.

[After reading "Gallipoli" by John Masefield.]

The hot suns of the brief Aegean spring
Beat down on that thick-blossoming hill that stands
High—lonely, in the dazzling air.
Nor man nor beast has any sojourn there,
And no birds sing—
Thyme and narcissus hide the labor of men's hands
On Sari Bair.

For twelve whole moons no living sound has stirred
That lonely hilltop's infinite quietude,
Save wandering wind that cries and moans
Thro' scattered heaps of stark and bleaching bones,
Or thro' some shrapnel sherd—
This is the requiem for the shining ranks that stood
On Sari Bair.

And those undaunted ones that gave their life
To buy a strip of land twixt sea and sea,
There lie they—graveless, where they failed and fell;
They have but this for guerdon—aphodel
And cistus grow more rife,
And blossom from their valiant dust more gloriously
On Sari Bair.

Perchance their eager spirits linger there
To see the fruit of their proud country's vaunt,
Waiting to hear the English bugles call,
To hear the English singing rise and fall
Across the breathless air—
To see the English ships riding th' Hellespont
Past Sari Bair.

AGNES E. MURRAY.

The World of Books

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"Herbert Spencer." By Hugh Elliot. (Constable. 6s. net.)
 "War and the Future: Italy, France, and Britain at War." By H. G. Wells. (Cassell. 6s. net.)
 "Winnowed Memories." By Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C. (Cassell. 16s. net.)
 "The Jesus of History." By T. R. Glover. (Student Christian Movement. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "Further Foolishness." By Stephen Leacock. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "The Confessions of a Little Man." By Leonid Andreyeff. Translated by R. S. Townsend. (Duckworth. 5s. net.)
 "Histoire Diplomatique de l'Europe depuis le Congrès de Berlin." Seconde Partie. "Vers la Grande Guerre (1904-1916)." Par A. Debidour. (Paris: Alcan. 7fr.)

* * *

It was remarked by a reviewer of "Robert Elsmere" that religion in a novel is sure of the same permanent success as a comic incident in church. There is a spice of truth in this, but it must not be taken to mean that unrelieved virtue is a trump card for a novelist. It was not his religion but his doubts about religion that gave his vogue to Mrs. Ward's hero, and, in the world of books, at all events, there certainly is something unheroic about respectability. Rogues and vagabonds, outlaws and highwaymen, smugglers and pirates have always been the favorites of romance, and it is easier to rouse interest in the career of an abandoned body-snatcher than in that of a blameless churchwarden, though Jan Ridd is an exception to the rule. The good alone may be happy in real life, but those who are merely good are not good for much in fiction. Indeed, to describe a clergyman as "a good man" is to hint that he is not even an interesting example of his class. We have to-day quite a number of novelists whose works are designed less for amusement than for instruction, who take themselves and their creations very seriously, and who would rather die than draw an old-fashioned villain in their books. Yet even they usually desert the lilies and languors of virtue for the roses and raptures of vice. Lament it as moralists may, the imagination of the world is not easily touched by books that treat of the honestly benevolent or the sincerely devout, the

"Salt of the earth, the virtuous few
 Who season humankind."

* * *

To write a defence of villains is far from my purpose, but I would like to put in a word for their merit as popular entertainers. Do Quincey reluctantly admitted that "the majority of murderers are incorrect characters," and the statement can hardly be denied. Yet they arouse a feeling not far removed from admiration, as "The Playboy of the Western World" proved; and Browning has described:—

"The breathless fellow at the altar-foot,
 Fresh from his murder, safe, and sitting there,
 With the little children round him in a row
 Of admiration."

We find, too, Charles Lamb writing of "kind, light-hearted Wainwright," and Edward Fitzgerald thought Tacitus good reading because he is "full of pleasant atrocity." Andrew Lang was another villain's advocate. "The old, simple scheme," he wrote, "in which you had a real unmitigated villain, a heroine as pure as snow or flame, and a crowd of good ordinary people, gave us more agreeable reading, and reading not, I think, more remote from truth, than is to be found in Dr. Ibsen's 'Ghosts' or in his 'Pillars of Society.'" Far be it from me to disparage Ibsen in the interests either of the purest of heroines or the most unmitigated of villains. But let the readers of the thin-blooded novels of to-day remember what they owe to the villain in the past. "How are we to get up the sympathies of the audience in a legitimate manner," Mr. Vincent Crummles asked Nicholas Nickleby, "if there isn't a little man contending against a big one?—unless there's at least five to one, and we haven't hands enough for that business in our company." Mr. Crummles had undoubtedly mastered one of the great principles of his profession.

* * *

No two readers will agree in choosing the best (or worst) villain in the world of books. A friend whom I consulted

gave that bad eminence to Iago without a moment's hesitation. Another wavered between Lovelace and Don Juan. I find none of the three quite satisfactory, though I find some difficulty in nominating an opponent. There is something to be said for Stevenson's villains. Who has not been thrilled by blind Pew with his tapping stick? Wilkie Collins has an admirable villain in Count Fosco, whose huge size, embroidered waistcoats, petted white mice, and passion for pastry, combine in an odd way to make him a prince of scoundrels. Blackmore's best villain, Parson Chowne, inspires terror, but he is too monotonously bad. Among Dickens's villains, my own choice would be Fagin. Squeers is altogether too loathsome, but I give high rank to another child-queller, the celebrated Mrs. Pipchin, who "was a marvellous, ill-favored, ill-conditioned old lady, of a stooping figure, with a mottled face, like bad marble, a hook nose, and a hard, grey eye, that looked as if it might have been hammered on an anvil without sustaining any injury." An unusual eye is indispensable to a villain, and Mrs. Pipchin had certainly that feature.

* * *

A CLASSIFICATION of the favorite professions of villains in literature will be made some day by an American professor. It will reveal some curious changes. At one time the governess always played the part of heroine, but she is now just as likely to be the villain. The change was probably caused by Becky Sharp, whom I heard described by a lady as one of the best bad women in fiction. She is not quite that, yet I fancy most people think far more of her than of the virtuous Amelia, whom Trollope almost denied to be a heroine merely because she was anxious to be married. It is a grievance of one branch of the legal profession that while a barrister is often a hero, an attorney is nearly always cast for the part of villain. Glossin in "Guy Mannering" is much more odious than Dick Hatteraick. For a long time the doctor was drawn as a sympathetic character, if not as an actual hero, though within the past few years he has begun to assume a more sinister aspect. Since the beginning of the war we have had a swarm of spies and diplomats who have acted the villain to admiration. I cannot call to mind any case of a tailor who became a distinguished villain, but the trade can claim two notable heroes in Alton Locke and Evan Harrington. A shoemaker is nearly always a Radical, and this, some people would say, is at least next door to a villain.

* * *

For those who refuse their admiration to open villainy there remain the characters that one would describe as "unsympathetic." Mrs. Pipchin really belongs to this class, and how delightful some of them are! "It is to the bad characters in novels and plays," wrote Goldwin Smith, "that we are indebted after all for the excitement and the fun." The remark was prompted by Mrs. Norris, certainly the most amusing character in "Mansfield Park," while in Lucy Steele, Mr. Collins, Mrs. Bennet, and Mary Elliott, Jane Austen has given us a number of other characters who are both entertaining and disagreeable. The best collection of these minor villains is, I think, to be found in the pages of "Pendennis." There are the drunken and delightful Captain Costigan; the worthless Sir Francis Clavering; his step-daughter, the incomparable Blanche Amory, whom he openly wishes "down a well"; Blanche's father, Amory, *alias* Altamont; and Major Pendennis's valet, Morgan, perhaps the most entertaining of the group. Morgan is at his best in the amusing chapter "In Which the Major is Bidden to Stand and Deliver":—

"Morgan began to laugh, with rather a sinister laugh. 'Look yere, Pendennis,' he said, seating himself; 'since I've been in this room you've called me beast, brute, dog; and, d—d me, haven't you? How do you suppose one man likes that sort of talk from another? How many years have I waited on you, and how many damns and cusses have you given me, along with my wages? . . . But I'll bear it no more. I throw up your service; I'm tired on it; I've combed your old wig and buckled your old girths and waistbands long enough, I tell you. Don't look savage at me, I'm sitting in my own chair, in my own room, a-telling the truth to you. I'll to your beast, and your brute, and your dog no more, Major Pendennis 'Alf Pay.'"

If, as some hold, literature is unconcerned with the improvement of the citizen or the welfare of the State, its villains, major and minor, demand the largest share of our gratitude.

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

THE ARTSTRUCK ENGLISHMAN.

"Men of Letters." By DIXON SCOTT. With an Introduction by MAX BEERBOHM. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s. net.)

To an Irishman there is always something indecent in the way an Englishman takes to art, when he does take to it. He worships it; exalts its artifices above its inspirations; makes gods of its frail and ridiculous human instruments; pontificates and persecutes in its name; and ends in delirium and drunkenness, which seem to him the raptures of a saint's vigil. Swinburne's article on Victor Hugo in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* is quite a mild example, though it repeats the word "deathless" as often as a Jingo war editor repeats the word "unflinching." The idolatry of the Bible, which has played such a curious part in British history, is really a worship of literary art: no other nation speaks of "The Book of Books" as if the phrase were in the Athanasian Creed, just as no other nation stands up in the concert room when the Hallelujah chorus is sung. There are moments when a sober man wants to shake the idolator and talk to him like a Dutch uncle, or like Lady Macbeth when she said to her blithering, ghostridden spouse: "When all's said, you look but on a stool."

I am myself a literary artist, and have made larger claims for literature—or, at any rate, put them forward more explicitly—than any writer of my generation as far as I know, claiming a continuous inspiration for modern literature of precisely the same character as that conceded to the ancient Hebrew Scriptures, and maintaining that the man of letters, when he is more than a mere confectioner, is a prophet or nothing. But to listen for a writer's message, even when the fellow is a fool, is one thing: to worship his tools and his tricks, his pose and his style, is an abomination. Admire them by all means, just as you admire the craft of the masons and the carpenters and sculptors who built your cathedral; but don't go inside and sing Te Deums to them.

Dixon Scott was an exceedingly clever young man, with a most remarkable specific literary talent. Reading his criticisms is like watching revolver practice by a crack shot: the explosiveness of the style and the swiftness of the devastation hide the monotony of the mood and method. His longest and most deeply-felt effort was an essay on William Morris; his most elaborate, an essay on me. When it first appeared in *The Bookman*, I read it with the chuckle of the old hand whose professional tricks have landed a young one in a transport of innocent enthusiasm. But I was finally shocked by his preposterous reversal of the natural relative importance of manner and matter. He quoted a long sentence of mine, which derived a certain cumulative intensity from the fact that it was an indictment of civilization, as a specimen of style, and then, with an amazingly callous indifference to the fact that he, like the rest of us, was guilty on all its counts, simply asked, with eager curiosity, and a joyous sense of being the very man to answer the question, "Now what pose is this?" It was very much as if I had told him the house was on fire, and he had said, "How admirably monosyllabic!" and left the nursery stairs burning unheeded. My impulse was to exclaim, "Do you suppose, you conceited young whelp, that I have taken all that trouble, and developed all that literary craft to gratify your appetite for style? Get up at once and fetch a bucket of water; or, at least, raise an alarm, unless you wish me to take you by the scruff of the neck and make you do it. You call yourself a critic: you are a mere fancier."

This, I think, is what, in *Touchstone's* phrase, obliges me to disable Scott's judgment. It comes out extravagantly in his essay on Morris, which is a long and sincerely felt protest against the author of "The Defence of Guinevere" maturing into the author of "Sigurd," of "A Dream of John Ball," and of "News from Nowhere." It is like a man complaining that his wife does not remain a girl: a sort of *lèse humanité* against which human honor revolts. The excuse is, of course, the writer's youth.

That maturity involves quite poignant losses to set against its consummations is only too true. Mozart's "Abduc-

tion from the Seraglio" is monotonous and resourceless compared to his *Don Juan*; but it has a charm and freshness that Mozart could not recapture, young as he was when he died. To ask Morris to give Sigurd the charm of Guinevere—a charm of helplessness, weakness, innocence, boyish romance—was like asking any poet of fifty to give us an *Alastor*: he could not if he would, and what is perhaps more to the point, he would not if he could, because no man will go back on a good bargain merely because one of the coins he had to pay away was a sixpence he had once tried to break with a girl sweetheart. We must put up with these inevitables; and Dixon Scott's complaint that Morris did not spend his whole life in defending Guinevere is no more sensible than a complaint that General Douglas Haig can no longer cut a figure as a sprinter. But when the youth takes it so seriously that he must needs set up the most laboriously ingenious explanations of why Morris and the rest of us deliberately stifled our instincts; corrupted our natures; and perverted our talents instead of going on writing Guineveres and Alastors for him: in short, of why we grew up expressly to spite him, he goes over the edge of silly-cleverness into the abyss of folly. One has a startled sense of the artist conceived as a pet lap dog for the dilettanti, having his growth stunted by a diet of gin that he may be a more amusing monster than Nature made him.

I should not quarrel with this folly if it were recognized as such; for a good deal of new country is discovered by simply going astray. The straight and narrow path has been so often explored that we all go a little way down the paths of danger and destruction merely to see what they are like; and even the paths of tomfoolery may lead to a view or two. Dixon Scott had qualifications for such ramblings which made him a very agreeable critic, and sometimes a very useful one. Chief among these was his knowledge of the natural history of the artist, which preserved him from many current journalistic sillinesses. To take a personal example, the fact that I am an Irish Protestant, and that I published a volume called "Three Plays for Puritans," has created a legend about the gloomy, sour, Sabbath-ridden, Ulster-Covenanting home in which I was brought up, and in which my remarkable resemblance to St. Paul, St. Anthony, and John Knox was stamped on me. To Dixon Scott this was as patently absurd as an assumption that the polar bear owes its black fur to its negro parents. He at once picked out the truth and packed it into the statement that I am the son of Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia* (as a matter of fact I was brought up in an atmosphere of which two of the main constituents were Italian opera and complete freedom of thought; and my attitude to conventional British life ever since has been that of a missionary striving to understand the superstitions of the natives in order to make himself intelligible to them). All through this book, in dealing with me, with Wells, with Kipling, with Houghton, he is saved again and again by his knowledge of the sort of animal the artist is in his nonage. Unfortunately his knowledge stops there. He does not understand the artist's manhood; protests with all his soul against the inevitable development; and always, however ridiculously, sets up the same theory that the shy romantic dreamer has put on a mask, which, as he wittily says, gets so hard pressed upon his face by popular applause that it moulds his very features to its shape. Shaw, Kipling, Wells and Co. are timid children desperately playing at being strong but by no means silent men; and he tries to strip our masks off, and show our real faces, which, however, are all the same face, and a very obvious doll's face at that. His mistake is in taking the method of nature, which is a dramatic method, for a theatrical pose. No doubt every man has a shy child in him, artist or no artist. But every man whose business it is to work directly upon other men, whether as artist, politician, advocate, propagandist, organizer, teacher or what not, must dramatize himself and play his part. To the laborer who merely digs and vegetates, to the squire who merely hunts and eats, to the mathematician and physicist, the men of the orchestra and the tribune may seem affected and theatrical; but when they themselves desire to impress their needs or views on their fellows they find that they, too, must find a pose or else remain paralyzed and dumb. In short, what is called a pose is simply a technical condition of certain activities. It is offensive only when out of place: he who brings his public pose to the dinner table is like the

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Mr. J. H. THOMAS, M.P.

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general who brings his sword there, or the dentist who puts his forceps besides his plate, just to shew that he has one. He cannot, however, always leave it behind him. Queen Victoria complained that Gladstone talked to her as if she were a public meeting; but surely that is the way in which a Prime Minister should address a queen when affairs of State are on the carpet. Lord Melbourne's pose may have been more genial and human; but so it was when he addressed a public meeting. Dixon Scott takes this very simple natural phenomenon, and, guessing at once that he can be very clever about it if he begins by being very stupid, pays that price for being clever. It is monstrously stupid to try to foist Morris, Wells, and Kipling (to say nothing of myself) on the reader as creatures with guilty secrets, all their secrets being the same secret: to wit, that they are not Morris, Wells, and Kipling at all, but sensitive plants of quite another species. Still, on that stupid assumption he writes very cleverly, sometimes with penetrating subtlety. But as he remains the Fancier, he is never sound, and is only quite satisfactory when dealing with pure virtuous, which he finds only in Max Beerbohm's "Zuleika." And then he has to leave you in ignorance of the fact that Max is the most savage Radical caricaturist since Gillray, and that "Zuleika" is only his play, not his work.

It was a kind and devoted act of Mr. St. John Adcock to collect and edit these reviews, and very modest of him to allow Max to take the stage as their introducer. They are the best monument the untimely-slain author could have desired. I have no space here to do more than point out the limitations of Dixon Scott's view of art, and how the young literary voluptuary flourished at the expense of the critic of life. But I can guarantee the book as being not only frightfully smart in the wrong places, but, in the best of the right ones, as good as it is in the nature of the best journalistic criticism to be.

G. B. S.

FREDERICK AND HIS BOSWELL.

"**Frederick the Great: The Memoirs of his Reader, Henri de Catt (1758-1760).**" Translated by F. S. FLINT. With an Introduction by Lord ROSEBERY. (Constable. 2 vols. 21s. net.)

A FEW months before the outbreak of the Seven Years' War, Frederick went to inspect a regiment at Wesel on the Rhine, and took it into his head to make an excursion down the river incognito to Amsterdam. De Catt, a young Switzer studying at the University of Utrecht, happened to be travelling on the same boat. Frederick insisted on having his company, and in the rôle of the King of Poland's first musician, discoursed to him very dogmatically on everything in the world. Their intercourse was interrupted by Frederick's sudden departure, on hearing that a Dutch Burgomaster had discovered who he was and was waiting to give him a reception as "the Protestant hero," but a few days later an invitation came to de Catt to present himself immediately at Potsdam. Ill-health and the outbreak of war intervened, but the invitation was repeated, and in March, 1758, de Catt duly arrived at Frederick's headquarters in Breslau, when the war was entering its third season. He remained in attendance twenty-four years (after which the King "unexpectedly cooled off" towards him)—and he kept a diary. Only two years' entries, it is true, have been preserved and are now translated from the French by Mr. Flint, but they tell us everything. We have de Catt's fresh impression of Frederick when his fortunes sank lowest and then took a dramatic turn. The diary breaks off with the Russians changing sides, but what is not revealed of Frederick's character between 1758 and 1761 would hardly come out in the twenty-one lost years of de Catt's indefatigable record.

De Catt's Frederick is irresistible, but is he true? As we read and soften towards him, we seem to feel the real Frederick watching the effect. Of course de Catt's portrait is irresistible, or what was his function in Frederick's system? Frederick prided himself (perhaps not always justifiably) on being an instant judge of men, and in that day on the river-boat he had decided what de Catt's life-work was to be. In fact, de Catt admired his Frederick so whole-

heartedly for twenty-four years that his judgment became stiff-jointed, and he is obviously sincere in claiming that the "cooling off" had not influenced "his mind and heart." Frederick had certainly lighted upon a loyal, ingenuous biographer.

So de Catt shows us Frederick the humanitarian, lamenting the slaughter of "so many brave and worthy people for a few wretched rods of earth and a few huts." "A fine glory, indeed," cries his Frederick, "of towns in ashes, thousands of sufferers, horrors on all sides; it makes my hair stand on end." "How that poor Saxony is being tormented." "These poor devils in Moravia." "These poor villagers who have nothing to do with our quarrels." "I have ordered my officers to put an end to it." "If we sometimes burn and pillage, it is because we are forced to do so." "You must agree that the Queen's (Maria Theresa's) obstinacy and my own make many people unhappy, and that there are very few wars as disastrous as the one we are waging now." "What a life for these poor soldiers." And he is still more affected when his own subjects are the sufferers. The Russians burning Küstrin and Loudon sacking Landshut give de Catt the chance of recording an ethical declaration: "A war which is only carried on barbarously ruins all morals, and makes of man a savage being."

What Frederick yearns for is peace and literary leisure. "Potsdam, Sans-Souci, my Chinese palace"—the thought of them moves him to tears, almost to abdication. "I should set aside for myself a province whose revenues amounted to 100,000 crowns a year. . . . My dinner would be very simple; 12,000 crowns would suffice for my table; I would employ 20,000 on my whims, and would allot the rest to my companions." De Catt is to know that one of the reasons why Frederick regrets his brother's death is because it upsets this cherished plan (in other words, Frederick regretted the peg on which he had hung his fantasy). But de Catt's Frederick is not to be an egoist, even of this idyllic kind. His subjects are his first concern. "I would have myself cut up in little pieces," he concludes a conversation, "if by this sacrifice I could procure peace for so many people who have fought for it. *Au revoir* until after dinner, at three o'clock." That is a good peroration, but it appears that it is for his subjects' sake that Frederick must go on with the war. "Et ne suffit-il pas, Seigneur, à vos souhaits que le bonheur public soit un de vos biens?" he quotes from Racine, and as he chokes with tears, de Catt reflects how happy a people is when he who governs it finds a true pleasure in the thought that his people love him. But, then, Frederick always weeps when he declaims by heart from Racine.

As one listens, it requires an effort to remember that Frederick deserted Potsdam for the camp the moment he came to the throne; that he did so to tear a province from a State whose integrity he was pledged to respect; that he was now fighting a second war to keep his plunder—a war which he could probably have avoided by disgorging it, but which he actually precipitated by over-running a small neutral country, "to forestall his opponents." And yet many of his interviews with de Catt took place in somebody else's palace at Dresden. "Those poor Saxons"—Frederick spent a winter conscripting them into his army to fight against their own Government and allies, but he was so sorry for himself at being reduced to such an extremity, and at the interruption this caused to his literary studies, that we find ourselves ashamed of being less sympathetic than de Catt.

Sometimes Frederick's rhetoric skirts reality. "That so much trouble should be needed to bring up a man, and so many things should be set in motion to destroy him, cries for vengeance. Barbarians, make peace; but the barbarians do not listen to me, alas. It will not be the spirit of humanity which will force us to make this peace, all of us, whoever we are. It will be lack of money. We shall cut each other's throats until there is no more of this vile metal." "Alas, my dear sir, I see we must fight on—and why? To make a name for oneself. . . ." Here is truth caught naked, but Frederick quickly shrouds her again. "In faith, we are great madmen, it must be agreed"—and so the philosopher king dismisses his amiable weakness, and the war goes on.

We do not hear much about the war itself, however, and the few accounts of battles that there are, are not particularly interesting. They are generally battles which went

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wrong, and the receptive de Catt becomes a sort of dictaphone for Frederician apologia. But this was only an incidental function, for de Catt was not intended to portray Frederick in shining armor, but as the harassed man of letters.

The first thing Frederick told de Catt was his time-table for the day. "During a campaign, I rise at three in the morning, and sometimes sooner. It is often very painful to me, I confess to you, to get up so early. . . . I do my own hair, dress myself, take a cup of coffee, and read my despatches. After having read them, I play on the flute for an hour and sometimes more, turning over in my mind the while my letters and the replies I shall make to them. My secretaries come next, and I tell them what they have to write. That done, I read my old books, new ones but seldom, up to the time of parade, when I give the orders of the day. I read a little more just before dinner, which is fixed for noon exactly. I have usually several generals at my table, and at present the Prelate of the convent. This man amuses me by his ineptitude. During the whole meal he is the object of my persiflage." (Specimens of it follow.) . . . "After dinner I play on the flute to aid digestion; I sign my letters, and I again read until four o'clock. At that hour, you will come to me; we will talk until six, when my little concert begins. . . . After the concert, I pitilessly scribble paper with prose and verse until nine o'clock, when I put myself into the arms of Morphæus. That is my manner of living. It is what it will be at Potsdam in peace-time, if it is given to both of us to see that inestimable boon. . . ."

There was the outline for de Catt to fill in. An original character, an *éclairé* among barbarians, a genius, even, and undoubtedly a "great man"—that was to be the tone of the finished portrait. But as we read, the exhilaration passes off, and Frederick's intellectual life seems to fall asunder into a fixed stock of commonplaces, which recur at predictable intervals from conversation to conversation—recitations from Racine, "with a pinch of snuff between each act"; recitations from his own writings; apologies for the snuff and ink-stains on his clothes, of which he was proud; bull-dog arguments on "Immortality" and "Free-will," topics on which Frederick held hide-bound views, but delighted to wrangle interminably; the horrors of war; the amenities of peace; the ill-treatment of Frederick by fortune, especially in the death of his brother and sister—an occasion for tears, though he had treated both shockingly; the good Marquis d'Argens and his wife Babette; the ape-like qualities of Voltaire; the pains of colic and hemorrhoids (attacks which the physician ascribed to injudicious feeding, a diagnosis Frederick would never admit); "A dog's life! A dog's life!"; and self-education.

Frederick's reading was wide, and his writing voluminous—in Winter Quarters he sat in his study all day without going out of doors. He read the French tragedians and orators of the seventeenth century (so devotedly that he knew whole plays and sermons by heart); the Latin classics (Sallust, Nepos, Tacitus, Lucretius); the modern logicians, including Wolff, Gravesande, and the system of Port Royal; also Swift, and on one occasion St. Chrysostom. He wrote—but we must be content with instances, for a catalogue would fill a book—he wrote an ode for de Catt "on a young lady of Breslau with a Benedictine soul," with whom de Catt was supposed to be in love; odes (with tears) on his relations and generals, to console himself for their death; an ode to the Sultan of Turkey beseeching his aid; an ode (vituperative) upon the French, which de Catt had difficulty in preventing him from putting in Voltaire's hands; prose pamphlets against his political enemies; a sermon in the French manner; a treatise on Jesuitical education, for which Frederick was an enthusiast. The tensest moment of this literary life was when de Catt was sent, anonymously, a pirated edition of Frederick's unpublished poems, which were full of indiscretions—especially against the Empress Catharine, whom Frederick was hoping to bring over to his side. De Catt showed the volume in fear and trembling, and Frederick was beside himself with rage—with an author's self-importance he foresaw the ruin of his plans for peace. But with characteristic practical-mindedness he worked over the unfortunate poems night and day, removed the compromising passages, and had the expurgated version printed "citissimè" at Berlin as the "original and authentic version." He was convinced that it was Voltaire who had played him the trick.

His disquisitions on Voltaire are inexhaustible, and abound in witty anecdotes, but they tell us disappointingly little about the man. Voltaire is a clever monkey—that is as far as Frederick goes, and, indeed, his insight into character is his weakest point, not through lack of the faculty, but because it is overlaid by egotism. His reminiscences of Prince Eugene, for example, are dull, because they are taken up with his (Frederick's) tact in dealing with the great man. He talks frequently of Charles XII., but only as a military expert, not as a human figure (perhaps that would have struck too near home). On the morning of the Battle of Zorndorf, the Prussians were singing hymns at their posts. Frederick was annoyed. "My b—s are afraid," he said to de Catt, "for they are singing the psalms of Clément Marot." Truly there was a gulf fixed between Frederick and the "brave and worthy people" who fought for him.

"Preserve that sensibility," said Frederick to de Catt, when the latter was affected by Frederick's account of the gratitude of the citizens of Troppau because he had left them un plundered. If sensibility makes the artist, Frederick was deceived as to the bent of his genius. But we must do him justice. He was not an artist, however much he posed to himself and others as being so. His reading and writing were not creative, but medicinal; the monotonous variety of his daily round, the two hours with de Catt included, was not the spontaneity of genius, but the calculated régime of a man of action under an intolerable load of care. He was not a hypocrite in carrying poison about his person and calling his pocket Lucretius his breviary; and the fact that the trouble was all of his own making and involved everyone round him besides himself, only makes his courage and tenacity more extraordinary.

Frederick's fortitude is a real and admirable trait, and we learn something of how his adamantine character was forged. Driving to Winter Quarters, he learnt prose and poetry—a stated number of lines—by heart. He had formed the habit in childhood, only then he had to get out of bed at midnight, step over his valet's body, and learn by the light of the fire—humane studies having been forbidden him by the King his father. Persisting, he had been found out, clapped into a fortress, and held at the window by two (tearful) grenadiers to see his bosom-friend, who was believed to have encouraged him in these bad courses, executed in the courtyard below. The flute-playing, the scribbling of French, the studying of the classics, which stood Frederick in such good stead during the Seven Years' War, were acquired in the teeth of this, and the truest of his boasts was that he was a self-educated man.

It is no wonder that his father made an ineffaceable impression on him. He dreams of him in crises, he talks of him by the hour. And the curious thing is that he tends to canonize him for the very qualities against which Frederick the boy had rebelled. "How surprised my father would be," reflects Frederick, "to see us here"—playing the flute and reciting Racine, one expects him to say, but no—"with a cavalry of which he would have had no conception." As Frederick fills in the picture, the old barbarian receives his halo. His stupidity became commonsense, his brutality strength, his pig-headedness independence of mind (Frederick, too, flatters himself that he "cannot be led"). There are strange freaks of heredity in the House of Hohenzollern.

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seems to be writing his own life, not as one who sits down to the desk when his reputation is made and his time for action over, but for the sake of living friends, and with the disregard of any other audience than they, which is the secret of all authentic expression.

Mr. Knox and Mr. Cyril Bailey contribute the recollections of Oxford, and there are scarcely any letters of an earlier date than July, 1909, when Lister had gone down. The mark which he made upon the thought of his time at Oxford was deep, and his main contribution, as Mr. Knox points out, was to provide a new channel into which the fervor of interest in home affairs and the condition of industrial England, the distinctive tendency of his years, could profitably be diverted. Many men owe to their membership of the Oxford Fabian Society in this period not so much the definite assumption of an economic theory, Socialism proper, as a conviction of the importance of the problems which in an earlier age were confronted by F. D. Maurice and Ruskin. This outlook has had not unimportant results in the newer departments of State which are concerned with such questions; it led also, with men less gifted and less fortunately placed at the centre than Lister, to a neglect of the study of foreign relations by any but the professed historians which his generation has come to deplore. In Oxford life he was a prominent, a scintillating, an attractive figure, held in memory as an earnest but not an accomplished orator. He tried for a prize fellowship at Merton, intending to pursue history, but did not win it, and diplomacy gained the light but not flippant spirit and the solid exploring mind which Eton and Oxford had formed.

This background should be kept in view in reading the letters. It yields the seriousness which made him at his best in meeting trouble. "It is curious," he writes in 1909, "how all these lads who are our contemporaries die violent deaths." It enables him in 1910 and 1911 to find satisfaction in the Foreign Office:—

"I am very happy, in full swing at the Foreign Office, effectively impeding the work of my department, under the patient rule of 'Nic.' (Sir A. Nicholson), who is a most excellent man, and whom I find capital company. I am busy, and tied down, which I like. I loathe being at a loose end."

"I love my work, and am thrilled by 'Welt-politik.' I see the usual sort of people, and like my fellow-creatures. 'Nic.' is quite the best man, and we get on like a house on fire. . . . I am not very good at my work, but it is routine up to the present, and what excites me is not so much what I actually do, but what I read and the papers I see, &c. We are flooded with 'Welt-politik' just now, and in a perfect orgy of secret papers. I am always finding secret telegrams in the trouser-pocket of my dress clothes, and feeling a perfect fool; but it's no use minding—one must just do better next time. The thing thrills me, and I mean to go on. Besides, I'm not the only gaffer in the office. I am sorry to be so bucking and tedious; but my gods live in Whitehall, and it is very much my centre; and one can't help talking about a place where one is a fixture from eleven to six every day. . . ."

It inspires the retrospective gaze which he turns upon Oxford from Rome:—

"I think one appreciates one's past much more if removed for some little time. I like my colleagues most awfully, though they can't in the nature of things come up to the old times. They don't smile as much or argue as loud, or make as many loose jokes, or rejoice in simple, innocent pleasure like the old Balliolic *satyrs* and *fauns*. But one is melancholy on paper, and I'm really radiantly happy out here."

"Really radiantly happy," he seems to have been to the end; but able to throw a searching light upon his surroundings, as is shown by a letter on the relations of his department to commerce, or the impressive extracts from his record of the Embassy's position in Constantinople, while Turkey was wavering, with a memorable sketch of the German Ambassador:—

"The figure which stands out among the multitudinous detail and petty incidents of these days is that of von Wangenheim. He was a tall, well-made man, with a dark, lowering face somewhat marked by duelling scars, and a close-cut moustache. His features were well cut, and their pose solid. There was a grimness about the clean-shaven chin, and a cold stare about the sunken blue-green eyes. I liked the man. He was very fond of horses, and actually took the trouble to get hunters all the way out from Ireland for the Constantinople drag-hunt. In his Junker way he liked the English, and was very hospitable to us in better times. He talked very readily to everyone, and, as early as

June, after a brief visit to Berlin—where it was supposed he would take up von Jagow's position—used to inform his barber every morning that 'the war' would take place in the autumn or late summer. To the young he was full of chatter, and flattered them by his anxiety to hear their views. While German influence was stronger and more uncontested than in Marschall's time, I do not think Wangenheim ever bulked so large in the eyes of the Turks as his massive predecessor. He lacked the quiet strength, the awful silences of Marschall, and could never control his natural excitability. Morning after morning he used to sweep round the neutral Embassies like a tornado, with reports of German successes, which, in due time, kind friends repeated to us. . . ."

The best letters were written after his transfer from the melancholy evolutions of the Duke of Cambridge's Hussars on the East Coast to the Royal Naval Division. Ultimately, he obtained entrance to the battalion which mingled the best wit of Oxford and Cambridge, and was to number among its losses the musicians, Denis Browne and F. S. Kelly, Rupert Brooke, the epitome of magnificent and imaginative youth, and Lister himself. From the moment that the ship touched the Mediterranean, he regretted less than ever his new vocation. For a scholar there has been no such death in this war, unless perhaps under the walls of Ctesiphon, as these men faced in Gallipoli:—

"It is the most exhilarating feeling to be again on the sea of the ancient civilizations and dream of the galley of Carthage and Venice—or, farther back still—of the raft of Odysseus, and wonder why Dante put him in the Inferno (Canto XXVI.). He is certainly a soul difficult to judge by moral standards. But I should have thought that passionate curiosity and yearning for knowledge would have counted for something with the all-knowing. I feel like a Pinchbeck Odysseus longing for the same things, but with the limits and valor of some little City clerk, and no power to return and slay the suitors of my Penelope—in *posse*."

Before they made the landing they had lost Rupert Brooke; "Charles was one of those who turned the sods of Rupert's grave, and stayed behind after the burial, and covered the grave with great pieces of white marble." In the four months left to him, Lister had time to prove his heroism, and to continue to write more letters which show him worthy of the praise which he earned from brave companions: "The heat, the swarm of flies, the horrible stench in the trenches, seemed to have no effect on his cheerfulness, and, above all, he didn't know what fear was." He and his father and his friends suggest in the chronicle of his life some measure of the sacrifice of scholarship and wit and knowledge of right living which the war has taken. The beauty of the boy of twelve which shines out of Sargent's sketch in the frontispiece was richly present in the man until he died.

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The EXAMINATION for ASSOCIATESHIP (A.R.C.M.) will COMMENCE at the COLLEGE on APRIL 16th. Last day for entering February 27th.

Syllabus and official entrance forms may be obtained on application to the Registrar.

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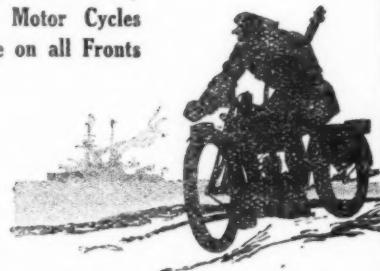
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Poland has been cruelly wounded; but her enemies can never kill her soul, and to us, whose homes have not been violated, or our children dying of want, she calls, though she is far away and speaks only in a sigh.

The Russian Government has organised assistance to help the thousands of refugees who have fled from the farms and hamlets of Poland, in order to escape the horrors of German invasion, for Germany, in addition to her many unspeakable crimes, is not only starving the people of that unhappy land, but is actually stealing their food. Despite the efforts of Russia to help these poor beings, who seem to have lost all that they possessed, there is much work for the Great Britain to Poland Fund to do, and the more the Fund, which is under

THE RUSSIAN RED CROSS

can do, by so much more will Russian energy and Russian brains be liberated to prosecute the object of the allied nations, the crushing of the common foe. Therefore every additional sovereign given to the Fund means the release of another fraction of the mighty pressure exerted on our heroically, and to all who feel compassion for the broken men and women, and starving children—victims of the German war-god—an earnest appeal is made to send what help they can to

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N.B.—No contributions pass through German or Austrian hands, or are distributed by arrangement with German or Austrian Authorities. The money collected is sent to the Russo-Asiatic Bank in Petrograd, and considerable profit is made on the extremely favourable rate of exchange. In normal times, Russia gives us 95 roubles for £10, but at present she gives us over 160 roubles for £10. The English equivalent of a rouble is a fraction over 2/1.

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characteristic expression are strewn about in it fairly profusely. The famous crisp, elliptical, short, biting sentence, for instance. No other modern writer has recruited the full-stop to such effect. Not for him the feckless comma and the hesitating semi-colon.

"Golden Youth" is a narrative of idealism. Mrs. Pike manages to get divorced from her Nonconformist husband on discovering that he is a white-slave trafficker. She is past forty, but "what a thing it was to have the smoothness and freshness and dewiness of youth! Furs and velvets demanded it; chiffons and satins pleaded for it; muslins and ginghams insisted on it! Middle age had really no sartorial friends at all." How absurd women of a certain age were with their young lovers—these young lovers who only played the part of "renumerated (subtly and subconsciously renumerated) escorts." We dare not suggest that Miss James means "remunerated." "A girl's breasts—exquisite emblems of white virginity, pink-tipped, with a promise of perfect womanhood—oh, it was terrible, terrible that they should look like a pair of coconuts!" Happily, one Irene, a young fairy-godmother, given to the world to bless it, keeps a beauty-shop, and operates upon Mrs. Pike, transforming her to the fascinating young widow Nell Travice. The "perfecting of the ideal romance" goes forward. "In the morning, perhaps, she would try on a fifty-guinea gown, and in the evening she would give, or attend, a dinner at the 'Carlton,' to be followed by a box at the theatre, and supper at 'Ciro's'; but in the afternoon she would either taxi into the country, have tea in some public place where there were trees, fox-trot, at a *thé dansant*, or receive a caller." Golden youth, indeed, straight from the mint. The now fascinating widow unconsciously appropriates Irene's lover, and Irene (after a long spell of purple passion) refuses to renew the treatment. So Mrs. Pike slides back into matronly middle-age, and there's an end of our idyll.

"Elliott Limited" (with an appreciative notice from Mr. Eden Phillpotts) is one of those "I" books, full of amours and journalism. The hero, Clifford Elliott, is very much troubled by sex . . . Eva . . . May . . . Katherine . . . Nancy . . . and others. Katherine, however, really fulfils his soul's needs. Unfortunately, the hero had been ill, before he took to journalism, and his doctor had informed him that sterility would be the result, until the disease left him—which might be in one and might be in ten years. A look of infinite tenderness comes into Katherine's face, when she sees somebody else's baby, and Clifford *knows*. So, of course, they must part, and Clifford, in dudgeon, marries Nancy, to discover, about six months later, that his malady has finally departed. Meanwhile, Katherine has remained in spinsterhood and, so far as we can judge, has every intention of so continuing. For a long time, we could not make head or tail of the ratiocinations and eccentricities of these fond lovers; until, finally, it struck us that if the children of Katherine and Clifford were likely to turn out as silly as their parents, there was some logic and meaning in the whole imbroglio after all.

It is rather hard not to be a little more appreciative of "The Head Man," after the *hors d'œuvre* that have preceded it, than it deserves. It is a sensible, well-managed, sincere tale of South African life from the Boer War onwards to the present war. Elizabeth Human is the widow of a young Boer, shot, while trekking into German South-West Africa to colonize it with his friends. Elizabeth, with no man to help her to work her farm, makes a bargain with her husband's friend, Pöhl, to share profits with him and persuade her eldest daughter to marry him at the end of ten years, if he will build up her farm for her. The war breaks out in the tenth year, and the settlers are forced to take refuge in Windhoek, the capital. There Carlina (the daughter) gets engaged to the German captain, von Berg, as a sacrifice, on condition he uses his influence with the authorities to save Graham, a young English prisoner, with whom she is in love, from being shot as a spy. Pöhl is really in love with Elizabeth and she with him, but the author takes us ingeniously through cross-purposes, before the skein (is not this the right expression?) is disentangled. It is a pity that the author will pour out a libation to the novelist's fetish of sacrifice—but, on the whole, it is a sound and readable book, full of good feeling and of many honest and needed sentiments concerning the heroic illusions of war.

The Week in the City.

THERE is no doubt that Mr. Bonar Law has had a great whip-up for the War Loan, and with the help of municipalities, companies, and millionaires like Sir Richard Cooper there is every hope that a very large total of new money will be secured, and a great reduction effected in Treasury Bills. At the same time, it ought to be thoroughly understood that the plan of borrowing from the banks will seriously cripple credit after the war, and that under the best of circumstances recovery will be slow and painful. One had hoped that the United States would have been able, after the war, to give a good deal of help to the lame ducks of Europe. But a shrewd commercial man who has just returned from New York declares that the high prices in America are causing very great discontent, and that the nation, as a whole, feels that it is suffering, and not gaining, from the war in Europe. It is true that some enormous fortunes have been accumulated by bankers and financiers who have exploited the enormously lucrative contracts with the Allied Governments. But the operatives who have done the work have not gained in wages what they have lost in the increased cost of living. It is, therefore, by no means certain that after the war the United States will be able to extend any further large credits to Europe, for it is to be recollect that the money so far lent has been paid out on the other side in wages and contracts. Moreover, it is to be anticipated that whatever they may have to spare will be used in Canada, and also in Mexico, if that country is pacified in the near future. There is really nothing to say about the Stock Markets, which have been taken up with the new Loan and the sweepstakes for the benefit of the Treasury. The railway half-year dividends have ended with the Great Western Railway, which has done a little better than last year. On the whole, prices sag slowly under the influence of liquidation.

THE SALT UNION RECOVERY.

In the first year of its operations the Salt Union distributed an ordinary dividend of 10 per cent. Recently dividends have been low and somewhat scarce. One per cent. was paid in 1896, and the rate was raised to 1½ per cent. in 1907. From that year onwards no dividend was paid until a year ago, when 1½ per cent. was declared in respect of 1915. This week comes the announcement of a declaration in respect of 1916 of no less than 15 per cent. per annum. The chairman's review of the position at the meeting a year ago revealed satisfactory progress, but the announcement of so high a distribution caused much pleasant surprise on the market. The shares, which early in 1916 were as low as 7½, were bought on Wednesday at 39½, at which price, on the basis of the new dividend, they give the handsome yield of over 16 per cent.

TWO GREAT STORES.

The past week has seen the publication of Selfridge's report and the preliminary announcement of Harrod's profits for the year ended January 31st, 1917. Selfridge's records another big jump in gross profits from £150,222 to £225,137, of which debenture interest absorbs slightly less than a year ago. The Preference dividend is paid free of tax, as "an agreeable little courtesy," and the Ordinary dividend rate is raised from 6 to 7 per cent. After payment of these distributions, there remains a balance of £129,962, compared with £53,595 a year before. Harrod's record a rise in net profits from £202,883 to £235,046, this figure being arrived at after allocating £31,400 for sinking funds and depreciation. It is proposed to pay a final dividend on the Ordinary shares of 10 per cent., making altogether 15 per cent. for the year. The sum of £12,120 is carried to reserve, and the carry-forward is raised from £16,769 to £31,140. A year ago a 20 per cent. distribution was made, but on that occasion £48,000 was transferred from the reserve fund. Selfridge's Ordinary shares are not quoted on the Stock Exchange, but the 5 per cent. debentures at 81-85 yield just over 6 per cent., and the 6 per cent. Preference shares £6 8s. per cent., free of income-tax. Harrod's Ordinary £1 shares at the present price of £22½ yield 5½ per cent., and a return of 6½ per cent. and 6 3-16 per cent. may be had on the 5 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares, which are now quoted at £3½ for the £5 and 13-16 for the £1 shares.

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